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RUINS.

I.

Ye mute, majestic, monitory teachers,
Girt in the garb of picturesque decay;
Hermits of Time and his impressive preachers,
At once his cloisters and his friars gray!

II.

Out of the sadness of your storied arches
Swell the forlornest voices of the past,
Bewailing change and havoc's ruthless marches,
And consummation—yet your stones stand
fast.

III.

Consecrate shadows in your dimmest niches
Enshrine the moral of historic themes;
Secluded dust your solemn fanes enriches,
And all your chambers are a realm of dreams.

IV.

Scriptural heraldry, remotely painted
By phantom pencil on your blazoned panes,
Portrays some legend of a hero sainted,
Some patient maiden martyred in her chains.

V.

Ivy, with weeds austere intertwinings,
Makes sombre sermons over fallen stones,
And busy springs, beneath your altars mining,
Unearth some heaps of unconsidered bones.

VI.

Pompous munificence which piled for glory
Hath left no structure but these trembling
walls;
Sonorous names—a heritage of story,
At last are empty as these hollow halls.

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VII.

Here tardy penitence may make confession
To ghostly priests sepulchrally immured;
Here may impatient error find expression
For frauds unchallenged or for truths abjured.

VIII.

Here may we learn how evanescent splendor
Succumbs to indiscriminate decay,
And here be soothed—the memories ye engender
Catching some solace from your sad array.
Baltimore. J. W. P.

HOW CAN I SING?

BY WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER.

How can I sing? All power, all good,
The high designs and hopes of yore,
Knowledge, and faith, and love—the food
That fed the fire of song—are o'er;

And I, in darkness and alone,
Sit cowering o'er the embers drear,
Remembering how, of old, it shone,
A light to guide, a warmth to cheer.

O! when shall care and strife be o'er,
And torn affection cease to smart;
And peace and love return once more
To cheer a sad and restless heart?

The lamp of hope is quenched in night,
And dull is friendship's soul-bright eye,
And quenched the hearth of home-delight,
And mute the voice of phantasy

I seek for comfort all in vain,
I fly to shadows for relief,
And call old fancies back again,
And breathe on pleasure's withered leaf.

In vain for days gone by I mourn,
And feebly murmur, o'er and o'er,
My fretful cry — Return ! Return !
Alas ! the dead return no more !

It may not be ; my lot of thrall
Was dealt me by a mightier hand ;
The grief, that came not at my call,
Will not depart at my command.

Then ask me not, sweet friend, to wake
The harp, so dear to thee of yore ;
Wait, till the clouds of sorrow break,
And I can hope and love once more.

When pain has done its part assigned,
And set the chastened spirit free,
My heart once more a voice shall find,
And its first notes be poured for thee.

TO AUTUMN.

BY KEATS.

SEASON of mist and yellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-
eaves run ;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shell
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or in a half-reaped furrow, sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring ? Ay, where are
they ?

Think not of them — thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft, dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
bourn ;

Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

From Punch.

KING CHOLERA'S PROCESSION.

From Russian steppe, from Persian sand,
From pine-fringed Norway fiord,
From Elbe's and Eyder's peopled strand
I've skimmed the sea — I've swept the land —
Way for your lord !

Come deck my board — prepare my bed,
And let the trump of doom
Peel out a march, that as I tread
Above the dying and the dead
All may make room !

From far I snuff the odor sweet
That I do love the best ;
And wheresoe'er I set my feet,
Courtiers and liegemen flock to meet
Their King confest.

Well have you done your royal part,
My subjects and my slaves —
In town and country, port and mart,
All's ready — after my own heart —
All — to the graves !

What is my feast ? These babes forpined ; —
Men ere their prime made old ; —
These sots, with strong drink bleared and blind,
These herds of unsexed woman-kind
Foul-mouthed and bold —

These bodies, stunted, shrivelled, seared
With the malaria's breath ;
In fetid dens and workshops reared ;
From reeking sewers, drains uncleared,
Drinking in death.

What is my court ? These cellars piled
With filth for many a year —
These rooms with rotting damp defiled —
These alleys where the sun ne'er smiled,
Darkling and drear !

These streets along the river's bank,
Below the rise of tide ;
These hovels, set in stifling rank,
Sapped by the earth-damps green and dank,
These cesspools wide.

These yards, whose heaps of dust and bone
Breathe poison all around ;
These stytes, whose swinish tenants grown
Half human, with their masters own
A common ground.

What are my perfumes ? Stink and stench
From slaughter-house and sewer ;
The oozing gas from opened trench,
The effluvia of the pools that drench
Court-yards impure.

What is my music ? Hard-wrung groans
From strong men stricken down ;
Women's and children's feeblel moans,
And the slow death-bell's muffled tones
In every town.

Who are my lieges ? Those that rule
In Vestry and at Board ;
The Town-hall's glib and giddy fool,
The mob's most abject slave and tool,
Though called its lord.

He who with prate of Vested Rights
Old forms of wrong defends ;
Who for pound-foolishness still fights,
Wisdom, save penny-wisdom slights ; —
These are my friends.

From Chambers' Repository.

CONSTANCIA DE GONSALVO.

I WAS commissioned by an eminent London firm, in the autumn of 1833, to proceed to the south-west of Spain, for the purpose of establishing a commercial agency in connection with the cultivators and others who occupy the rich lands to the east and south of the Guadalquivir, and skirted by the waters of the Bay of Cadiz. During my unexpectedly prolonged stay there, I became—in consequence of a rather close intimacy with Señor Manuel, a principal merchant of that city, to whom I had been accredited—involvement in a singular affair, the chief incidents of which I have thrown together in the following brief, unexaggerated narrative.

I was breakfasting one Sunday morning with Señor Manuel and his son Alfonso, a young man of frank and agreeable character and manners, at the merchant's country residence, about a couple of degrees inland from Cadiz, when the señor, who had been unusually silent and preoccupied, suddenly proposed that, in furtherance of the commission with which I was intrusted, I should pay a visit to Juan Alvarez, a vine-grower near San Lucar de Barrameda, a small town by the entrance of the Guadalquivir.

"I promised Alvarez yesterday," said Señor Manuel, speaking slowly, whilst a grave smile played about his lips, excited apparently by the red flush which lit up the clear olive of his son's complexion, "that I would call on him shortly. I am disposed to do so to-morrow, if that will suit your convenience."

"It would," I said, "very well."

"Then, Alfonso," continued the merchant, "you will have three horses ready saddled by daybreak, unless you decline accompanying us: in which case, two will of course suffice."

A gay laugh from the son, as he rose, bowed, and left the apartment, was a sufficient reply. As soon as his shadow disappeared from the open corridor, Señor Manuel said, in a confidential sort of way: "The boy has fallen in love, but not so stupidly as I at first supposed." As the merchant spoke, his glance reverted complacently to a recent number of *El Crónica de Cadiz*, which had previously, I noticed, engaged his attention in a remarkable manner. "Nothing like so stupidly as I had supposed—certainly not. And after all," continued the thoroughly worldly matter-of-fact trader, as he withdrew his gaze with some effort from the paper, relaxed into a candidly benevolent smile, and, early as it was, kindled a cigar at a spirit-lamp upon the table—"after all, love is the great passion, the irresistible sentiment, the sublime enthusiasm, the—the everything, in short, in this sunny, superb Spain of ours at least. In your cold, foggy island, Señor Ingleso, it may

be different; and yet," added the merchant with prompt liberality, lest doubtless his reputation for politeness should suffer in my estimation, "I have heard there are handsome women in England."

"Well, a few—one or two, here and there, in the larger towns and counties perhaps."

"Ha! Still it is well; one must be content. Everybody cannot have the luck to be Spaniards; but to-morrow, my friend, you shall see a Dulcinea that might turn all mankind into Quixotes. By San Jago! there is not such a pair of eyes in all Spain as Doña Katerina's!"

"Doña Katerina! A lady of degree, it seems!"

"No, no," laughed Señor Manuel, as he rose and carefully pocketed *El Crónica*; "that is only a complimentary way of speaking, you understand. But you shall know all about it to-morrow, the more readily, my friend, that I wish to take your opinion on the subject. But mind and be here early, as there is a long journey before us. *A Dios!*"

It was subsequently deposed that, in the afternoon of this same day (September 26, 1833), one of the numerous groups of busy politicians lounging about the Puerta del Sol, Madrid, and eagerly discussing the recent palace revolution consequent upon the resuscitation of the king, after he had been officially pronounced defunct by the royal physicians, was hastily approached by a middle-aged man, very shabbily attired, and further remarkable for a shy, slouching, though half-military air and bearing. He abruptly addressed himself to Señor Perez, a wealthy money-broker of Madrid, who appeared to feel anything but honored by the stranger's preferential notice.

"You have not heard the news, it seems!" said the new-comer as he dragged the reluctant Perez away by the arm.

"Not heard the news!" sourly responded the money-merchant, vainly striving to disengage himself from the stranger's familiarly forcible grasp. "A likely supposition, truly! All Madrid has heard the news—all at least, Señor Antonio de Gonsalvo, that dare show themselves where a journal is read, or men talk openly with each other."

"Calomarde has really fallen, then!" said the person thus addressed, and still urging Perez slowly onwards. "Come, tell me all about it."

"Of course Calomarde has fallen, and very deservedly too, for the deception he attempted in the interest of Don Carlos to palm off upon the dying king. Zea Bermudez has been sent for by Christina, who, in a few days, for Ferdinand cannot recover, will be queen-regent of Spain."

"Malediction!" growled the stranger fiercely: "I feared so!"

"Antonio de Gonsalvo," sternly exclaimed Perez, a man of thoroughly respectable well-to-do politics, to whom no heresy was so detestable as that which refused obedience to the rising sun — "you are surely crazed!"

"Pardon! My words had no meaning. See, this is the news I doubted you had heard of."

Señor Perez took the letter offered him, adjusted his glasses, and it was delightful to note the benignant graciousness which gradually overspread his previously forbidding aspect. Scarcely permitting himself to read to the conclusion, he hurriedly exclaimed; "Dead! and so suddenly! Why, then, my dear De Gonsalvo, you are your uncle's heir!"

"Unquestionably so; but," he added with a half-ashamed glance at his threadbare raiment, "it is not in this guise I should appear at Castello."

"Certainly not. You want money, and shall have it. Come with me; yet stay: was there not some talk, many years ago, of the marriage of that rebellious slip of a son, Enrique de Gonsalvo?"

"Yes, he married Constanica, an elder sister of Inez de Calderon, Queen Christina's present favorite lady of the palace; but he left no issue."

"No issue, male or female! I remember now to have heard so. And since they are both long ago with the saints, you, señor, are the undoubted heir. Bravissimo! Come with me, excellent sir; I will furnish you with any sums you require. And, Santa Maria! who would *not* lend anything he required to a nobleman with the best blood of Valencia in his veins! Come!"

A note to this freely rendered excerpt from the judicial archives of Sevilla adds, that the deponent, José Perez, further recalls to mind, upon reflection, that, later in the day when the preited conversation took place, Antonio de Gonsalvo suddenly asked him, if he knew how far it was from Madrid to San Lucar de Barrameda, in Andalucia; to which he, José Perez, replied, that he had never heard of such a place, as indeed he never had till within these last few days.

I was punctual to the time agreed upon with Señor Manuel; and, both father and son being in readiness, we mounted forthwith, and set off at a cantor. The weather was delicious, the horses excellent, the roads nowhere impassable, and, as we gayly caracoled along, I became more and more satisfied, from the merchant's thickening hints, that for all the inflated rubbish he had indulged in about love and romance, the charms by which Katerina, whoever she might be, had won his consent to her union with his son, were of a sufficiently tangible and solid kind to be plainly set forth and summed up in his ledger. Especially after we paused for rest and refreshment, and had

imbibed a pint or so of excellent Xeres wine, did his confidences flow freely forth, all suggestive of mounting fortune, vastly increased commerce, and high social distinction, interspersed with rough but keen guesses at the value of the vine and olive grounds we were passing, and incessant injunctions to secrecy and silence. However, it was a very agreeable ride, and we reached our destination in excellent time, preceded about an hour by Alfonso, whose impatience, as we neared the goal, could not brook our more sober pace.

The dwelling and grounds of Juan Alvarez were very pleasantly situated at a considerable distance in our favor from San Lucar and the Guadalquivir, but commanding a fine view of both, as well as of the broad Atlantic, whose surging murmurs, brought by the odorous south wind, struck faintly and soothingly upon an attentively listening ear. In the season of buds and flowers, the place must have been as fresh, blooming, and fragrant, as the two charming girls, who, with Juan Alvarez, met us at the myrtle-trellised gate. Let me here describe these youthful maidens — neither was yet eighteen — as I might have done a few hours after making their acquaintance. Luisa, slightly the taller, and considerably the fairer, was the daughter and only child of Alvarez, whom she, however, did not in the slightest manner resemble; not so much as her companion Katerina, who did so in some slightly appreciable degree, though, truly, it would have puzzled one to say in what particular feature: and *she* was no relative of his, nor indeed of any other tangible person, and known simply as Katerina. Juan Alvarez, to be sure, had always given out that she was the stray scion of an illustrious family of the old Gothic blood of Spain, consigned to his care under painful circumstances for a while, but certain to be ultimately claimed and restored to her rightful position with prodigious éclat and rejoicings. This was a kind of story that would never, under any circumstances, have gone down very well with me; and, in the present instance, the Gothic blood and parentage part of the romance was quite evidently a fiction. If ever there was a damsel of the genuine Andalusian race, Katerina was one. This her hair, complexion, glancing Arab eye, agile, slight, yet warmly rounded figure, quick gushing susceptibility of temperament, and keen, eager enjoyment of life, unmistakably proclaimed. Luisa, now, judging from appearances, might have had a smart sprinkling of Gothic blood in her veins. She was fairer than Katerina; her hair, especially, was many shades lighter than the glossy ebony of Katerina's long plaited tresses; and her feet, though well formed enough, and by no means excessively large, were of nothing like such delicate symmetry as her compan-

ion's. Then her speech and manner, compared with the half-Moorish maiden's, were unimaginative, cold, and formal. Luisa, in brief, although, it might be, a handsomer person in a strict sense, was certainly not a more lovable one than Katerina, whose charming face showed as many dimples as there were letters in her baptismal name. Good, well-principled girls both of them withal were, and ardently attached to each other—in fact, but for complexions of a deeper glow, and a certain foreign coloring of tone and demeanor, just such gentle, graceful, heart-breaking damsels as lead captive the ingenuous youth of Britain, both north and south of the Tweed. Education it is true, in a conventional sense, they possessed but little, except in the arts of reading, writing, spelling, and sewing—acquired, I believe, at a nun's school, attached to the not very distant convent-church of Los Gozos de Nuestra Señora (the Joys of Our Lady); yet were they superior artists in two at least of the accomplishments that attract and fascinate mankind. But then dancing in Spain, in Andalucía at all events, positively *does* come by nature; and first-class scholars were they both, each after her distinctive bent of mind, in that primal academy. Music was also theirs by special gift of Heaven; for certainly they had no teacher in the science, if you except the organ-swell of the wind, and torrent voices sweeping down from the forest-clothed sierras in the not far distance, which might, perhaps, have given resonance and power to Luisa's rich and ringing tones in the heroic chants celebrative of El Cid Campeador; and that you also ignore, as a preceptive influence, the murmured melody of the Guadalquivir, stealing its bright way through perfume-breathing cistus and myrtle groves, of which even a dull ear might detect a silver echo in Katerina's *Romances Moriscos*.

But I must have done with this damsel-drawing, or I shall get carried off my feet into altitudes for which I have no wings—they went with my black hair and whiskers—and I turn, therefore, to Señor Juan Alvarez, a lithe, sinewy, black-eyed, black-haired, sallow, shrewd-faced individual of middle age, of neither repulsive nor prepossessing aspect and manners, according to my taste and impression. I was, moreover, very soon satisfied, as we strolled through his old-world cultivated vine and olive fields, that he possessed neither more nor less of aptitude for business than the generality of his leisure-loving countrymen, albeit there would a glimmer now and then shoot forth from his deep-set, cavernous, flurried eyes, which convinced me that he was by no means indifferent in the matter of profit, if obtainable without much personal effort. One thing I rather liked him for: he was evidently strongly

attached to the orphan intrusted to his guardianship, and tenderly solicitous for her—Katerina's—welfare. This, admitting the story told of her family to be true, and that he had been an hereditary servitor of the decayed house, as in that case I supposed it to be, was no doubt attributable to the strong feudal sentiment still prevalent in Spain. Alvarez, certainly, in my judgment, loved her far better than he did his own child, and was at pains, one could see, to conceal the preference he felt, lest it might give Luisa pain. But to resume this narrative; I found Alvarez to be in so unbusiness-like a mood, so impatiently indifferent to my instructions and explanations relative to an improved mode of preparing and packing olives for the London market, that I was at length fain to conclude that his mind was, for the present at all events, hopelessly preoccupied with the Alfonso and Katerina marriage affair (which I knew from Señor Manuel he was extremely anxious to forward and hasten), to the exclusion of more important matters. I was right. Clearly discerning the uselessness of further business discourse, I proposed returning to the house; and we had no sooner done so than the young people, with that singularly intuitive perception—common, I have observed, to all countries—by which, without a word being spoken, they become aware that certain interesting arrangements will be best furthered by their absence, stole quietly off, and I was doing the same, when Señor Manuel caught me by the arm, and said: "I beg you will not leave us. You English, who, I have read, buy and sell your wives at market with halters round their necks—no offence, I hope; every country has its customs, and why not, by San Jago! Still, you be cool hands at such bargains; and I shall be glad of your advice and assistance in a rather out-of-the-way affair of the kind. My friend Alvarez will, I am sure, have no objection."

The quick furtive glance of "my friend Alvarez" said, "Every objection" quite plainly; but as his lips said, "None in the world," I reseated myself, lit a cigar, and assumed a listening attitude.

"You see," began the merchant with some hesitation, as if hardly knowing at which end of the story to commence—"you see—that is, you will presently—that Katerina is not Katerina at all, but Constanica de Gonsalvo"—

"Doña Constanica de Gonsalvo," interposed Juan Alvarez.

"Yes, yes, of course. Doña Constanica de Gonsalvo, whose honored parents both died about fifteen years ago—one of grief, the other of gunpowder."

"Enrique de Gonsalvo," said Alvarez with dignity, "colonel of cavalry in the forces of the heroic General Vidal, blew himself up,

rather than surrender to the troops sent against him by Ferdinand, who had dismissed the constitutional Cortes" —

"Yes, yes; we know all about that," interrupted Manuel, who, unlike the majority of his class, was an Absolutist. "He was a rebel against our lord the king, a setter-up of revolutions" —

"Of constitutions," again interposed Alvarez. "The English señor understands, no doubt."

"Santa Maria, to be sure he does! It would be odd if he did not, seeing they all come from his country! But, revolutions or constitutions, the end is, that Colonel de Gonsalvo was a dead traitor, his wife and child proscribed outlaws" —

"No, no — disinherited outcasts, you mean."

"Tell the story yourself, friend Juan; you will do it better than I shall. By San Jago! my head always spins round like a humming-top when I think of a sensible man risking his for such nonsense."

Juan Alvarez did so, but with so much circumlocution, that I had better perhaps relate its substance in my own words. Colonel de Gonsalvo, the only son of Don Lopez de Gonsalvo, a fanatical royalist, he himself being an equally fanatical Exaltado, perished in Vidal's outbreak against the government of Ferdinand, having about two years previously espoused, against the wishes of the families on both sides, Constancia de Calderon. Her husband's death preyed fatally upon the youthful widow, who, when dying, intrusted her only child, a girl then nearly three years old, to Juan Alvarez, an attached servant of the Calderon family, with strict injunctions to keep its very existence a secret from Don Lopez, the grandfather, who, if he married again and had a son, would thereby nullify the otherwise indefeasible claim of the female heir to the Gonsalvo estates. This was done in the presence of a clergyman, one Juan Ortiz, since created a bishop, who had also at the same time witnessed and attested by his seal and signature a document drawn up in accordance with the dying wife's instructions, containing her wishes with respect to the future of the child, and a minute description of its person. About two years after this, Juan Alvarez, who was already a widower with a child of his own, of the same sex and age as that of his mistress — though it did not clearly appear to me that this fact was known to the mother of Constancia — came and settled in his present abode.

"The rest, which is plain sense," said Señor Manuel, when we had got thus far, "is soon told. My son, Alfonso, like a silly calf, as he and most young men are, chose to fall in love with, for aught he knew to the contrary, a moneyless, nameless Katerina. Pa-

rental watchfulness took the alarm, and I naturally insisted that the acquaintance should be broken off. What happened next? why this: my friend, Juan, very anxious, as he ought to be, to settle his charge handsomely in the world, for, after all, the Gonsalvo estates, which are terribly dipped too, I hear, are not hers yet — perhaps never will be, God knows; there is nothing sure in this world; well, I say, my friend Juan, considering these things, comes to me and tells this story; which I of course — for one must look at both sides of the cloth before buying — take time to consider. There is Don Lopez, I reflect, still in the prime of life" —

"Sixty-four, if he's a day," interrupted Alvarez.

"You hear; a man scarcely ageing, and who may live, as I say, thirty or forty years longer. Then there is a varlet of a nephew, who knows, or at least suspects, that the heiress to the Gonsalvo estates is under the care of my friend Juan, and he may give trouble."

"He lost his commission of captain of artillery, as I told you, whilst serving at Ceuta, for misconduct, more than a twelvemonth ago. Besides, he will have no right in the matter whatever, and is not worth a real."

"Well, be it as it may, I have made up my mind to brave all chances, in consideration of Katerina's charming qualities, and Alfonso's ardent attachments to her, provided that you, Juan Alvarez, furnish me with instant and incontestable proof that the amiable girl is in very truth Doña Constancia de Gonsalvo, and heiress-presumptive of the estates — admitting, at the same time, as I unhesitatingly and unreservedly do — that she is a nobility and a fortune in herself. If you do this, Juan, it is my wish that the marriage be celebrated without delay."

"The proof is easy and conclusive," said Alvarez, as he unlocked an iron-bound box which he had placed upon the table. "But, first, have you written to Father Ortiz — the bishop, that is to say?"

"Yes, and I have his letter in reply with me. He perfectly remembers the death of the Lady Constancia, and witnessing the document you speak of, although he can remember only its general tenor. This, however, by reason, as you shall presently hear, of the venerable man's praiseworthy precaution at the time of signing, can have no evil consequence whatever."

"Is this like the signature in the letter?" said Alvarez, placing his finger upon a name at the bottom of a parchment he had unrolled.

"My eyes are not so good as they were. Have the goodness to compare the two signatures," said Señor Manuel, placing the letter in my hands. "Not that there is any doubt,

my good friend, Juan," he added, whilst I heedfully compared the two signatures, "of your truth and honesty. Very far from that; but all matters of form, no one is better aware than you, should be gone through with minutely and formally."

"The signatures," I said, "which are very peculiar, are identical. There can, I think, be no doubt of that."

"And there are no erasures, no blots, no alterations, Señor Ingles!"

"None whatever."

"Then have the goodness, my dear sir, to read the document aloud."

I did so. The first part related to some testamentary dispositions regarding the child; then came a list of some family ornaments. "Here they are," said Alvarez, taking them out of the box and placing them on the table. They precisely corresponded with the inventory. The next and important lines, in my view of the matter, described the child's person minutely: "Brunette complexion, black eyes and hair, and long eyelashes; small feet, one pockmark over the right eyebrow, and two moles about an inch apart at the back of the neck." Katerina, unquestionably! There could be no question upon the matter. She was a Goth, then, by descent! So much for my conceit in ethnological science.

"Capital!" exclaimed the merchant — "Katerina's exact portrait. The moles I saw half an hour since. Still, friend Juan, your document might be a forgery; nay, don't look so fierce, man; it *might*, I say, be a clever imitation of the original instrument, altered only in a material part — the description of the child, for instance."

"Señor Manuel," said Alvarez faintly, "what, what can you mean?" The man's countenance was as white as a tombstone, either with consternation or anger, I could not for the moment decide which. Presently, I felt assured that it could have been from anger only.

"I say," resumed Manuel, "that such a charge, but for the forethought of the excellent bishop, might have been insinuated, especially by that scamp of a nephew, Antonio de Gonsalvo. But that will be hereafter impossible if you agree — and I am sure you will readily — to submit the parchment to another test."

"Test! What test?" murmured Juan Alvarez, still white, trembling, nerveless, as it seemed.

"The bishop says in his letter," replied Señor Manuel, "that being strongly impressed with the importance of the document he was witnessing, and having no time to copy it, he took a penknife and cut off in a zigzag direction a strip of blank parchment about two inches wide, right across the top of the instrument, and just above where the writing commenced. He has preserved that strip. Now, if this

your sheet or skin of parchment — which we see is cut zigzag (indented the lawyers call it) across the top — fits that in his lordship's possession, as well as matches it in grain, there cannot be the shadow of the shade of a doubt that we are in possession of the original *bonâ fide* document. Eh! friend Juan, is not that so?"

The man was breathing freely again, and the natural color had returned to his cheeks. "Certainly, certainly," he said; "the device was excellent, admirable. I remember, now it is mentioned, observing his lordship act as you describe, but without at the time comprehending the motive of what he was doing. The test can be applied as soon as you please."

"Bravo, my friend! I knew you would say so. Thus, then, let it be; the bishop happens to be at Sevilla just now. Let the document be sent there officially, for registration at the Chancery, which, I am advised, is in all cases the proper course; his lordship will then have an opportunity of verifying it. In the mean time, for I now throw all doubt and hesitation to the winds, let us have the marriage-contract drawn up, and signed and sealed without delay, according to the terms you proposed, and I cheerfully agree to."

Juan Alvarez joyfully assented; and now all obstacles smoothed away, all doubts removed, Señor Manuel's self and cigar kindled into unwonted irradiation, as emitting an extraordinary cloud of smoke, and gallantly grasping a flask of wine, he exclaimed: "Here's to the health of the bride, gentlemen! of the charming Katerina, the divine Constancia, the most beautiful maiden in all Spain! as I told you only yesterday, Señor Ingles. I should be proud of such a daughter-in-law, if she were as poor as a poet. Still, a handsome dowry does not come amiss. I shall give the sweet damsel a father's blessing directly she comes in. Her health, gentlemen!"

As she did come in very soon afterwards — and I have no taste either for fatherly or loverly raptures on such occasions — I slipped out, just to take a turn or two, and ask myself a few questions. What could be the true meaning of that which I had just seen and heard? That both Alvarez and Manuel were playing a part more or less deceitful, I had not the slightest doubt; and, as to the latter, I guessed pretty well where his secret lay. *El Crónica de Cadiz* had informed him of the death of Don Lopez de Gonsalvo; and, having thoroughly satisfied himself that Katerina was the true Constancia, he was desirous of hurrying on the match before the news reached Alvarez, and induced him either to insist upon more onerous conditions, or possibly to break off the negotiation altogether. This I mentally booked as certain, with regard to Señor Manuel. But Alvarez puzzled me. My

first vague impression had been that he was endeavoring to palm off his own daughter upon the wealthy merchant as the Lady Constancia de Gonsalvo, under which hypothesis his conduct was intelligible, and might arise from a natural anxiety to provide handsomely for Katerina, in case the Gonsalvo house of cards fell to pieces. Yet the document I had seen — if verified by the attesting bishop, and from the confidence exhibited by Alvarez, I had no doubt that it could be — seemed to establish beyond question that she was the true heiress; but, if so, why was Alvarez so eager for the conclusion of the match? so desirous of uniting the representative of an illustrious house with a merchant's son? he, one of a nation, too, who for the most part are so absurdly prejudiced in favor of birth and rank? It was altogether too profound a puzzle for me; so I gave it up, comforting myself with the pleasant reflection that Katerina, in whose favor I felt extremely prepossessed, would, however matters turned, have an amiable and attached husband, and a wealthy home. As to Alvarez and Señor Manuel, I cared but little how prosperously or otherwise their selfish ventures reached port or suffered wreck.

We — that is, Señor Manuel, his son, and myself — slept at San Lucar that night, and the next day the marriage-contract was drawn up and executed. Señor Manuel, Alvarez, and the lover, of course, were extremely anxious that the wedding should take place immediately after the messenger who had been despatched to Sevilla with the precious document, upon which so much depended, returned with the bishop's authentication; and I also was, I confess, desirous that there should be no delay, which could not, it more fully struck me the oftener I reflected on the matter, work other than evil to one or both of the contracted parties. But Katerina — I beg pardon, Constancia de Gonsalvo — was inexorably determined on procrastination, and was warmly supported in her resolve by her friend and coadjutor Luisa, upon the ground of some Spanish etiquette, decorum, or punctilio, which, they made clearly out to their own satisfaction, necessitated the delay of a month at the very least. We were obliged to yield the point, or nearly so; and it was finally settled that the 18th of October next ensuing should be the happy day.

Alas for the folly of human hopes and aspirations! The world had lived only to the morning of the 3d of that month, when a panting messenger informed me that my presence was requested at Señor Manuel's without a moment's delay. It occurred to me that possibly the gout, which I knew had attacked his pedal extremities, might have assailed the more delicate and sensitive machinery of his stomach; but the first glimpse of the merchant and his son dispelled this fear. Señor Man-

uel was stamping up and down the counting-house, upon his flannelled legs, in a towering passion, cursing, lamenting, and screaming with pain, all in a breath; and poor Alfonso, utterly aghast and woebegone, sat, statue-like, beside his desk, his sanguine complexion changed to the color of the ashes of the half-consumed cigar lying neglected before him. Señor Manuel had an open letter in his hand. "Read that, sir," he exclaimed, checking the ebullition of his wrath sufficiently to be intelligible; "read that, my good friend, and give your advice. By San Jago! my head turns round like a top; ha! ho! — and Alfonso there never had one. The infamous *carajo!* the rascal! ho! ha! read, my friend — read!"

I did as well as I could, but so ill spelt a scrawl took some time to decipher. It was, I found, from Juan Alvarez: and the confused and confusing purport seemed to be, that the writer had heard of the death of Don Lopez de Gonsalvo; that the deceased's nephew, Antonio de Gonsalvo, had arrived at San Lucar de Barrameda, and claimed the guardianship of Doña Constancia, notwithstanding the clause in the testamentary act of her mother which, by implication at least, conferred that right on Alvarez. He — the nephew — moreover, insisted that not only should the proposed marriage be deferred, but all intercourse between the parties be peremptorily forbidden. The note concluded with the expression of a wish that some one in whom Señor Manuel could confide — El Inglesé perhaps, as least liable to suspicion — should come over and confer with him, Juan Alvarez, as if upon business.

"Well, what do you say, my friend?" said Señor Manuel. "I know that, till your next letters arrive, you will have plenty of leisure; and as to expenses, I shall of course be liberal — ha! ho!"

Alfonso's miserable phiz influenced me more than the merchant's proffered liberality. The disappointment he was suffering under is, I quite well know, fatal only, like the *maladie de mer*, to excessively weak and sensitive organizations, but, like that also in another respect, it is cruelly distressing while it lasts; and I consented, after a little hesitation, to do my best to set the troubled course of true love smooth again. Two hours afterwards I was on the road to San Lucar, it having taken Alfonso all that time to indite the voluminous love-epistle I had undertaken to place in Constancia's hands, but which, I rejoiced to think, it formed no part of my self-imposed mission to read.

I found Alvarez alone, and in very disconsolate, or, more properly speaking, oppressed mood. I don't know any other word that better expresses the sullen, angry dejection he appeared to labor under; whilst the quick-glancing, flurried expression I had at first

remarked, shot more frequently than ever from out the depths of his dark, deep-set, cunningly-intelligent eyes. He appeared glad to see me; but so hesitating, disjointed, and often contradictory was his talk, that I had great difficulty in arriving at the following facts and semi-conclusions:—The nephew of Don Lopez was gone to Sevilla, to examine the document registered there, the authenticity of which he had the audacity, according to Alvarez, to dispute, notwithstanding the bishop's voucher, which, I have omitted to mention, had reached Señor Manuel in due course of post. If Katerina, however, was the daughter of Enrique and Constancia de Gonsalvo, then he, the nephew, assumed to be her legal guardian; and as to her marriage with a vulgar trader's son, however rich, that he would not hear of; and till the young lady came of age—and it wanting nearly four years of that—his, Antonio de Gonsalvo's, word would be law in the matter. He had also, I partly gathered by dint of a searching cross-examination, made other overtures and conditions, though of what precise nature Alvarez would not divulge; except that, for the present, the existence of the said heiress should be kept, as far as possible, after what had passed, a close secret from the world. "You had better, therefore," Alvarez was saying, at the close of a long, unsatisfactory interview, "not attempt to see Katerina—Doña Constancia, I mean—as there is a servant left here who would no doubt inform his master. Ah! here he is! Prudence—silence!" he added in a hurried whisper, "or all will go wrong." This sudden break in our colloquy was occasioned by the entrance, by a gate opening from the Sevilla high-road, of a gentleman handsomely habited in deep mourning. It was Antonio de Gonsalvo, just returned from that city, and not looking, as it struck me from the slight glance I obtained of his jaundiced and bloated countenance, particularly well pleased with the result of his journey. He beckoned to Alvarez with the air of a master, and I heard the latter say, deprecatingly: "An Englishman in the wine and olive trade, on business." In another minute they disappeared within the house; and I turned away for a stroll through the grounds, but had not taken a dozen steps when Pedro, a sharp lad whom I had seen about the place, and who, I believe, was gardener, groom, waiter, errand-man, and housemaid to the establishment, smilingly confronted me. He had a remarkably speaking countenance, had Pedro—so much so that I instantly, in reply to his mute but quite intelligible query, said: "To be sure I have a letter—here it is: and mind you tell the señor-etta, to whom it is addressed, that I must have an answer within an hour from this, as I do not intend remaining later than that."

He nodded with quick intelligence, and disappeared, but returned again very shortly with a flask of wine, a bundle of cigars, and some choice fruit, which he arrayed upon a rustic table, near which I stood. This done, he merely said, "You will have the answer, señor, in good time," and once more disappeared.

I do not know when I have passed a much pleasanter hour than the immediately succeeding one. The weather was delightful—as fresh and much more balmy than an English June. The Atlantic gambolled and glittered in the far south; it seemed for my especial amusement, for not another soul was anywhere to be seen; and the silver estuary of Guadalquivir did the same on my right. The wine was capital, the cigars superb; and thus circumstanced, it is not surprising that I quickly subsided into a state of single blessedness, which, in my opinion, the happiest husband would have no objection to find himself in now and then—that is, by way of change only. The woes and worries I have been relating were, it will be remembered, other people's—not mine; and that is a burden, I have remarked, which, other matters being pleasant, may be borne with equanimity. Presently I began to consider whether the firm in the city would, if they knew all, exactly approve of a man of business, as Alvarez had truly said, in the wine and olive line, mixing himself up with the affairs of distressed damsels and mysterious dons, and nobody knew what mischief besides. This train of thought again led naturally to Mrs. Brown and the young barbarians all at play—if the weather were at all favorable—it being Saturday afternoon, at Highgate; and I had just finished a mental memorandum to the effect that it would be as well, on my return home, to draw it rather mild when talking of bright and black-eyed Luisas, and Katerinas, and Constancias, when my drowsy ear became slowly conscious of the tones of Luisa's rich voice, somewhat angrily sharpened, exclaiming: "Hist! hist! Señor Ingles! *Madre de Dios!* he must be asleep. And at such a time, too! Señor Ingles! Englishman! hist! hist!"

"I beg a thousand pardons, señoretta; but really this charming weather, and"—

"Hush! Step this way, if you please. They can see you from the house."

I obeyed, and Luisa, placing a letter in my hand, said softly: "from Doña Constancia-Isabella de Gonsalvo, for you know whom."

"It shall be delivered safely, be assured; but you have some more important communication to make than any contained in the letter, or I misread the meaning of two of the brightest eyes in Spain."

"No silly compliments, señor, if you please," retorted the offended maiden. "That

which I have further to say," she continued, after grave acceptance of my gestured apology, "concerns, though as yet I have not spoken to her of it, the Lady Constanica-Isabella de Gonsalvo intimately, deeply."

"Bless your pretty, affectionate punctilio!" thought I, as she ceased speaking. "You would not, I think, abate a syllable of one of Katerina's new names and titles if they reached the length of a racer's pedigree."

"I would say," resumed Luisa Alvarez, in a quick beating voice, "that a dark cloud menaces not only her so lately brilliant prospects, but"—the voice sank so low that I could hardly hear the words—"but her very life!"

"Merciful Heaven!"

"Listen to me. This Antonio de Gonsalvo is a bad, reckless man. I have overheard words that—I have overheard him, I say," faintly continued the terrified girl, who was momentarily becoming paler and paler, "make half-suggestions to my father, which induce me to believe that the least evil she may have to dread will be confinement, perhaps forever, in the convent; and even if that were all, she has, I assure you, señor, not the slightest vocation for such a life."

"That, I will be sworn, she has not."

"I might say more; but this is enough to put you—her friends, I mean—upon their guard. Nothing must be done, however, rashly, as he is her legal guardian. Should there be necessity, I will send Pedro for you—for you, who would not perhaps be suspected; and if you were, you would not, I think, be afraid of this bad man, tiger as he seems. You English *heretics*, I have heard my father say, are afraid of nothing; not even of—the—*Sancta Maria ora pro me!*" she added, crossing herself, suddenly breaking off, and hurrying away; but whether as an expiation for the thought which seemed about to pass her lips, or as a prayer for protection against Antonio de Gonsalvo, who, with her father, came a minute after in view, I could not easily determine. She had, I conjectured, heard their footfall; but they, it was plain, had not observed her when conversing with me.

"I will see you presently, and endeavor to conclude our bargain," said Alvarez, as he passed me with his sinister-looking companion. I bowed, and they went away by the outer gate. Alvarez returned alone. He looked, it seemed to me, still more perplexed and cowed, and was certainly quite as unintelligible as at our previous interview; and all I could make out with tolerable distinctness was, that he, Alvarez, should be rather pleased than otherwise if the young people could manage to make a stolen match of it in such a way that he could not be suspected of complicity in the proceeding; but else, not

for the world. Antonio de Gonsalvo had, he said, suddenly determined upon going to Madrid, and would not return before a fortnight had passed at the earliest.

The few scraps of information and conjecture with which I returned to Cadiz, greatly annoyed, as I anticipated, my expectant friends there. But as neither the angry irritation of Señor Manuel, nor the fretful despondency of his son, appeared likely to avail anything in the way of remedy to the actual state of things, I withdrew as speedily as I could from the bootless conference, half resolved in my own mind neither to make nor meddle further in the matter. This partially formed purpose did not hold; partly because I continued to have so much idle time upon my hands, but chiefly that a deeper interest, a more tragic foreboding, than is involved in the anxieties and crosses of lovers, however dismal and agonizing they may be, gradually overgrew the action of the domestic drama in which I had become unwittingly a somewhat prominent actor, determining me to go through with my part to the end, whether it was written that the curtain should fall upon the *spectra* of a criminal court and a death-scaffold, or the festivities of a happy marriage and a wedding-supper.

We heard one day, through Pedro, that Antonio de Gonsalvo had returned from Madrid before he was expected, and that a furious quarrel had immediately ensued between him and Juan Alvarez, which was, however, made up a few hours afterwards, and the two worthies had become more closely intimate than ever. Three days subsequent to this news, a hurried note reached Señor Manuel in Luisa's handwriting, but not subscribed by her, stating, in general terms, that a great peril was suspended over the head of Lady Constanica de Gonsalvo, and that no time ought to be lost in extricating her from the custody of her unscrupulous guardian.

It was immediately resolved, in compliance with Alfonso's passionate entreaties, that an eminent lawyer of Cadiz should be consulted as to the steps it would be advisable to take. Alfonso and I—the gout still held the señor in durance—proceeded forthwith to the legal gentleman's office, and laid the entire matter before him as clearly and with as little prolixity as possible. The man of pious and precedents listened to all we—I, rather, for Alfonso confined himself to the mute eloquence of pale looks and neglected hair—had to say; remarking, when I had quite finished, that it seemed a hard case for the young couple; but such wrinkles in one's lot always smooth out with time and patience; that Antonio de Gonsalvo bore, he knew, a very indifferent reputation, and might certainly, under the influence of so strong a temptation, exceed even our worst anticipations; never-

theless, he was undoubtedly the young lady's natural guardian; and he, Martino Gomez, did not at all see how she could be got out of his hands. "Even this note, which has so frightened you," he added, "is not, you perceive, signed; and if it were, it could not avail, confined as it is to mere vague, indefinite assertion." This was cold comfort; but, as nothing better seemed to be forthcoming, we were taking, quite chop-fallen, leave, when Martino Gomez, relaxing his wrinkles, said: "Stay a moment. Why do you not apply to the young lady's maternal aunt, the Lady Inez de Calderon? She is, all Spain knows, very powerful at court—the queen-regent's favorite lady, in fact. She could interfere with effect; and it strikes me, from what I have heard of the character of Doña Inez, that she would do so."

This was quite a new as well as luminous idea. Alfonso caught at it eagerly, and so did his father the moment we reported it, not a little thereby surprising me; for should the great court-lady interpose in behalf of her youthful niece, it would not be, I guessed, in order to marry her to Alfonso Manuel. This view of the subject I, however, kept to myself; and it was at length arranged that I should at once proceed to Madrid—obtain if possible an interview with this Lady Inez de Calderon—Señor Manuel to defray all expenses, of course—and endeavor to interest her in favor of the distressed lovers. Alfonso wished to accompany me, but this the merchant would not listen to, his presence being required in the counting-house; besides, he would do far more harm than good if he went, his father flatteringly added.

I had fallen in with this proposal the more easily, that I had a great desire to see the Spanish capital; and I did so for the first time on the 21st of November, 1833, after a long and tedious journey; the discomfort, ay, and danger of which, only those who have travelled in Spain or in the Bedouin Desert can correctly appreciate. I speak of Spain as it was twenty years ago; what improvements have been since effected is of course another question, upon which I am not competent to offer an opinion. The day after my arrival in Madrid, I despatched, by one of the waiters at El Rey, near the Plaza Mayor, where I had taken up my temporary abode, a carefully and elaborately worded missive to the palace, addressed to Her Excellency the Lady Inez de Calderon. Three days passed without an answer—a fourth, up till a late hour in the afternoon, when I was met, on returning from a walk, with the intelligence that a court-messenger had been waiting upwards of an hour for me, and was stamping the floor with impatience. This was, I found, quite true; and the irate and hasty gentleman would not even allow me five minutes to change my dress

—a short, rough, winter's coat, cloth knees and continuations ditto—the Lady Inez de Calderon, who had just returned with the court from La Granja, would, he said, excuse my strange attire; she had been in England or Iceland, he hardly knew which, perhaps both, and knew how people dressed in those countries; and at all events, to the palace I must go *volens volens*, and at once. I was preciously flurried I know; and this feeling increased to an intensely uncomfortable pitch as I hastily traversed the spacious quadrangle, ascended one of the magnificent staircases, and shuffled along the stately corridors of the gorgeously solemn palace; passing here and there, and occasionally glimpsing in the distance, a number of silent figures, looking, in their velvet mourning-dresses, like so many melancholy Hamlets gliding about in pursuit of invisible ghosts. At length, my conductor stopped at the door of an anteroom, and rang a small silver bell lying on a marble table just on the outside. A page admitted us, and in another minute I was in the presence of Doña Inez de Calderon and another lady, whose name I did not hear. The novel and imposing aspect of the magnificent apartment, with its pillars, statues, and massively gorgeous furniture, brilliantly lit up from innumerable antique candelabra, so dazzled and confounded me, that it was some minutes before I was fully conscious that the Lady Inez, painfully agitated, and holding my letter in her hand, was assailing me with an avalanche of questions, which, spoken as they were with intense volubility, and in a tongue which, though I knew very well, was not my own vernacular, I should have had considerable difficulty in following at any time. Presently, the speaker perceiving my embarrassment, gave herself breath and me a few moments to rally my bewildered faculties. I succeeded in doing so more quickly than I expected, and replied to the lady's renewed and still impetuous interrogatory pretty well. "A strange story," she murmured musingly, after exhausting every form of query she could think of—"a strange story. Constancia had reason whilst her uncle lived for not confiding in me, but that so many years should have been permitted to pass is—I cannot," she continued with quite audible abruptness, "I cannot recognize any resemblance to the families on either side in the description you give of the supposed niece of mine. Have the goodness to follow me, and I will show you an admirable likeness of my sister taken previous to her marriage." Her companion, who, I comprehended, was an attendant in waiting, hastened to open a door at the further end of the apartment, through which the great lady—she was a handsome woman, and under forty I should say—sailed with stately grace, the attendant and myself following. The Lady

Inez de Calderon led the way to a picture gallery, and pausing before a full-length figure, said, in a slightly agitated voice, "That is Doña Constancia de Gonsalvo's likeness, taken when she was, I think, not more than nineteen."

I started with uncontrollable surprise, and blurted out: "Good Heaven! why, that is Luisa Alvarez!"

"Luisa Alvarez!" echoed the lady. "The daughter of the man you spoke of!"

"Yes, lady, so it is said; but this portrait—for the likeness is too complete, too unmistakable, to admit of a doubt on the matter—revives a suspicion I had before entertained, that Katerina is the true daughter of Juan Alvarez—Luisa the true Constancia de Gonsalvo."

"Yours is not a nation of plotters," said the lady, after fixedly, almost sternly, regarding me for one or two embarrassing minutes; "nor have you the air of either a dupe or a tool, or I should imagine—But follow me; we will talk further on this matter, which shall, at all events, be thoroughly sifted."

"I remember," said the lady attendant, as soon as we had regained the apartment into which I was first shown, and Doña Inez was seated—"I remember that, about ten days, or, it may be, a fortnight ago, a gentleman, calling himself Antonio de Gonsalvo, called at the palace, and obtained permission to see the Lady Constancia's portrait."

"Who gave permission in my absence, and without my leave?"

"The Camerera Mayor," replied the lady.

"This is a significant circumstance coupled with—But your letter, sir, states—and you confirmed the statement just now—that the paper or parchment, the authenticity of which the bishop, whose testimony cannot be for an instant questioned, vouches for, describes the person of Katerina with the nicest accuracy, even to a slight scar on the forehead, and moles in the neck."

"That is strictly true; and, since I have seen the Lady Constancia's portrait, utterly confounds me."

"There are no erasures in the document, you say! Clever tricks of that sort are sometimes played."

"I examined it with scrupulous, I may say, suspicious care, and I am positive there are no erasures or alterations—no!"

A bustle at the entrance from the grand corridor, and the exclamation of the attendant, "El Beyna Christina," interrupted me; and a lady, attired as if just returned from a carriage-drive, entered the apartment, followed by a number of attendants of both sexes. I trebled my distance, already sufficiently respectful, from Doña Inez, towards whom the queen-regent advanced with a kind

and familiar greeting; but my movement was not executed so quickly as to escape her majesty's glance of surprise, followed, I was sure, by the query, though I could not hear the words, of whom the remarkable figure in drab shorts, and gaiters of the same, might be. At the same moment, all the other eyes in the room, among which there were at least a dozen of the brightest in Spain, glittered with the same expression; while I, frightfully isolated in about the centre of the brilliant apartment—there was nothing, not even a statue or a chair within half-a-dozen yards of me—remained helplessly rooted where I stood, the observed of all observers, and alternately a flame and an icicle, in a profuse heat or a cold perspiration. The queen's attendants formed a segment of a circle out of earshot of her majesty and Doña Inez, and I was about equidistant from both—the centre figure, in fact, of the stately tableau—and hang me if I knew, when I came to think of it, how to place my legs or what to do with my arms, notwithstanding I had the advantage of seeing every change of attitude I adopted, about every half-minute, I should say, or less, repeated with faithful instantaneousness by about twenty John Browns, brilliantly revealed by the tall mirrors as the central personages of as many courtly circles. This purgatory lasted about ten minutes, during which the queen and Doña Inez conversed with great earnestness upon, I rightly guessed, the subject which had brought me into my present distinguished position. I may here mention that, confused as I was, it instantly and forcibly struck me—and the truth of the impression I have since heard confirmed by persons who have had many opportunities of judging—that the queen-regent, at the time I saw her, about, I should suppose, seven or eight and twenty, greatly resembled in figure, face, carriage, and general expression, save that her complexion was a clear olive, and her features and person somewhat fuller, Miss Ellen Tree, the eminent actress, now Mrs. Charles Kean. This, however, by the way. I was at length waved forward by Doña Inez, and had the honor of replying to a number of questions by her majesty, who appeared to take a lively interest in the Alvarez-Gonsalvo business. To add to my embarrassment, her majesty, whenever my Castilian halted a little, descended to help me out by a sentence or two, of what must have been intended for English—I am a tolerable linguist, and quite sure it was not French, Italian, German, or Dutch—of which it was necessary to affect immediate and grateful comprehension. I, however, got through pretty well. "Los Ingleses" were in high favor just then—thanks to the hostile proceedings of Don Carlos—at the Spanish court; and a dismissing gesture to

that effect being at last vouchsafed, I backed away, as I had seen a mantled and feathered don do just before, and with, I flatter myself, much imitative celerity, till brought up with a bump by one of the marble columns, in the shadow of which I remained in some sort *perdu* till the audience terminated.

The conversation between Christina and Doña Inez quickly terminated after I was done with, and I heard the queen-regent say, on my turning to go: "That, I think, will be the best, the most prudent course to take; and I will take care that the captain-general of Andalusia shall have orders to assist you to the utmost of his power." Her majesty and train then disappeared, and I was once more in close conference with Doña Inez. The conclusion came to was, that I should set out the next day for Cadiz; and, on arriving there, inform Señor Manuel and his son that Lady Inez de Calderon would speedily follow, in order to the thorough investigation of the matter I had been deputed to lay before her; but I was not to say one word of the resemblance of Luisa Alvarez to the portrait of the deceased Lady Constancia; it being of the utmost importance, in the opinion of Doña Inez, that no hint should reach Alvarez of the suspicion which that circumstance had engendered.

On arriving at Cadiz, I found the Manuels in a state of high excitement. Sure intelligence had reached them that Katerina—or Doña Constancia, as they of course still implicitly believed her to be—would never be Alfonso's wife if many days were suffered to elapse without bringing about the accomplishment of that great fact; and my news, that the Lady Inez, armed with the full powers of the captain-general, would shortly arrive, greatly stimulated the eagerness of both father and son to conclude the affair before so potent a personage arrived on the scene—a dim inkling of the view she would be likely to take of the plebeian alliance having at last dawned on their minds. Their plan, as detailed to me by Alfonso, was feasible and likely enough; and not later than the next day but one had, I found, been fixed upon for carrying it into execution. It was this; Luisa Alvarez had been for some years accustomed to make a votive journey to the church of the Convent of Los Gozos de Nuestra Señora, on the anniversary of, I believe, her reputed mother's death. This was the day fixed upon, as no impediment—although both the damsels were now closely confined and watched—would be offered to her purpose, Alvarez having incidentally asked her at what hour she intended setting out and returning. Katerina was to dress herself in Luisa's clothes, and, thus disguised, leave the house; and on her return from the convent—for it seemed that it could not be managed earlier—step

on board a boat at a landing-place on the Guadalquivir, by which, without any risk of recapture, she would be conveyed across the water to the church of San Salvador, where the indissoluble knot would be immediately tied by a priest in waiting for the purpose.

I was a good deal startled by this bold project; but, even had I not been fettered by the promise insisted upon by the Lady Inez, I should not, I think, have hinted a word on the possibility of Katerina's turning out, after all, to be not a grandee of the first class, but simply Katerina Alvarez—the effect of which would, I well knew, have been to quench instantly Manuel senior's chivalrous enthusiasm in favor of the distressed and amply dowered damsel. Further reflection, moreover, suggested a doubt of the significance of the apparently careless question of Alvarez respecting his reputed daughter's journey. If the intention of the confederates were to carry her off, or if a darker purpose had been settled upon—for I was quite sure that Antonio de Gonsalvo knew, from the sight he had obtained of the picture in the palace at Madrid, which was the real Constancia—it would be much easier of accomplishment when she was away from home, and journeying by herself along the solitary road leading to the convent. The proposed substitution of Katerina for Luisa would, of course, if successfully carried into effect, mar the design of the conspirators, whatever it might be; and thus albeit it was quite possible that the wedding-project would be frustrated, a sufficient delay might occur to permit of the arrival of Doña Inez and the interposition of the captain-general, who would, I nothing doubted, make short work of the matter.

The very next afternoon Doña Inez arrived in Cadiz, and I was instantly summoned to her presence. I found the captain-general—a fine soldierly man of the name of O'Donnell, and; I believe, of Irish descent—with her, and the mode of operation, trenchant and summary as I had anticipated, thoroughly agreed upon. The two damsels were to be seized and given over to the custody of the Lady Inez; Alvarez and Antonio de Gonsalvo, with the latter's two servants, were also to be secured and despatched to Sevilla, separately imprisoned there, and kept so till the exact and entire truth with regard to the alleged Constancia had been extracted from them. All papers, or other articles of a promising, or suggestive kind, in Alvarez's house, or on his or his friend's persons, were also to be seized and impounded for the same purpose. I was meditating whether it might not be as well to inform these peremptory personages of the little wedding under-plot going on, when I was turned mentally topsy-turvy by the general's intimation, after a sentence or two in an under-tone with Señora de Calderon, that I

was in the category of persons to be provisionally impounded. "Not," said the general with a grim smile — "not from any doubt of your good faith in this matter, but in order to guard against any possible indiscretion in your communications with the traders, who appear so very desirous of allying themselves with the nobility of Spain." This was, I felt, after what had passed, very scurvy treatment; and I was coming out strong in the British-flag-and freedom line, when my indignant eloquence was cut short by the general's "Tut, tut, man; no insult or harm is intended you; and the moment the different parties are in custody, you shall be released — with thanks. Besides, you know the road and the fellows' persons, and can assist us in that way. Lieutenant Davila," he added, addressing an officer of lancers who entered the apartment in obedience to the summons of a hand-bell on the table, "take charge of this gentleman, and see that he is properly accommodated. He sets out with us in an hour from the present time." This was no doubt excessively annoying and impertinent; but as there was no help for it, I submitted, after the first ruffle of angry vexation had subsided, with tolerable cheerfulness to a restraint which, though quite real, was civilly enough enforced. Our party reached that evening about three leagues on the road to San Lucar; and at nine on the following morning we again set off, the captain-general and Señora Inez in a carriage, and I in the centre of the leading files of a company of lancers.

The weather was as sullen and scowling as I, suffering from a thin pair of trousers and the hardest-trotting brute a man ever bestrode, speedily became; and to this I attributed the sense of dismal apprehension which, for no definite or tangible reason, darkened over me as we approached, towards three in the afternoon, the dwelling of Juan Alvarez. Not a soul was to be seen in or about the house or grounds till the rattling cortège halted and drew up before the outer gate, when Pedro's wonder-widened mouth and eyes greeted us from a lower window. No ceremony was used. Señora de Calderon and the general quickly alighted from the carriage, and, preceded by an officer and a couple of privates, entered the house. I remained, with the bulk of the soldiers, just outside the door; and a very few moments passed before a loud, exultant, yet agitated scream proclaimed to me that the Lady Inez had found and recognized a niece in the breathing, glowing incarnation of the picture I had seen at Madrid. It was not long before I was sent for, and found the bewildered, blushing, weeping, half-terrified girl entwined in her aunt's arms, who was perusing Luisa's handsome features with an intensity of love and grief

that spoke eloquently for the tenacity of affection she had cherished for the memory of her long since deceased sister. Pedro had been caught, and was brought in at the same time; and he explained the cause of the absence of Katerina, and conjecturally that of Juan Alvarez. Katerina, habited as Luisa Alvarez, had set out about two hours previously for the convent, and Juan Alvarez had followed by the same road about one hour afterwards, accompanied by the Señor de Gonsalvo. The two servants, Pedro had not seen all day. So perfectly satisfied was the lady that she held her true niece in her arms, that she merely smiled good-humoredly when Pedro, whom the sudden apparition of so many fierce-looking soldiers had terribly scared, blurted out, "that Katerina — he meant, Doña Constancia de Gonsalvo — was gone to be married to Señor Alfonso Manuel!" As it was, however, of the first importance that Juan Alvarez and his confederate should be captured without delay, Lieutenant Davila was ordered off with a party of the lancers for that purpose, accompanied and guided by myself and Pedro; Señora de Calderon, Luisa, the general, and remainder of the troop, setting off forthwith, as evening was fast approaching, on the road to Sevilla.

Half an hour's smart trot brought us to a turn in the route, from which the east flank of the Guadalquivir and the road along it could be seen for a considerable distance. This was the way Katerina was to come; and we moved on more slowly and cautiously, keeping as much as possible within the shadow of the wood on our left. Presently, one of the men who rode with Pedro in advance, reined up, and pointed with his lance to the figures of two men on horseback, partially disclosed through the openings of the trees behind which they stood, intently watching, it was manifest, the path along the river from the convent. They were Juan Alvarez and Señor de Gonsalvo: there could be no doubt about that; but as they appeared well mounted, the lieutenant, instead of dashing forward into the open space which intervened between us and them, resolved upon the safer plan of making a considerable circuit, and coming upon them unawares from the rear. This movement occupied perhaps ten minutes; but almost immediately on our coming again in view of the two horsemen, they started off at a gallop towards the river-bank, just about there high, rocky, and steep. We also spurred swiftly but quietly on, the soft turf deadening the sound of the horses' hoofs, and permitting us, unfortunately, as it proved, to near them unobserved. We were quickly aware of the motive of this sudden movement. Katerina, habited in the dress — a peculiar one as to make and color — usually worn by Luisa, had reached a part of the

high rocky bank, within, I judged, about fifty yards of the ordinary landing-place, and was waving a handkerchief and making eager gestures river-ward, Alvarez and Gonsalvo vehemently shouting to her the while. They had approached within a short distance, when an answering cry was heard from the river, and Katerina, with her back to the pursuers, began to descend slowly the bank on the other side. Another minute or two, and she must have been safe in the boat which had arrived so opportunely; and the certainty that she would be so, no doubt, determined Señor Gonsalvo to prevent her escape by any crime and at all hazards. Sharply reining up, and snatching a long cavalry-pistol from its holster, he, with at least the tacit consent of Alvarez, who rode close by his side, and might easily have struck his arm up had he so willed, levelled a pistol, fired—the explosion, and a piteous scream from the unfortunate girl as she toppled over the crag into the river, mingling with the fierce execrations of myself and the greater part of the soldiers with whom I rode, who were by this time close upon them. They turned, panic-stricken at the sound, and although taken at such disadvantage, made a desperate effort to escape. A sergeant and three men were briefly bidden to ascertain the young woman's fate, whom I would have accompanied but for a forbidding gesture of the lieutenant's; and we started in headlong chase.

At the distance of about four miles from the scene of the frightful tragedy we had so unexpectedly witnessed—for no one who saw the shot had the slightest doubt that the girl was killed—we came up with and captured the two ruffians, who were immediately bound and placed apart. Peremptory orders were given neither to speak nor to answer any question that might be put by them; and Lieutenant Davila was about to give the word to advance, when I rather angrily intimated, that as there could be no further pretence for detaining me, I must be set at liberty forthwith. This was at once and decisively refused; the general, either from forgetfulness or design, had given no order for my liberation, and I must therefore proceed on to Sevilla, or, at all events, till we overtook the general. "The devil take Sevilla and the general into the bargain!" I burst out in great wrath. But I might have spared my breath: the words, "Alert!—forward!" were quickly given; the bugle sounded, and away I was painfully borne with the rest, bitterly lamenting that I had ever permitted myself to be mixed up in so unfortunate, so disastrous an affair.

We reached Sevilla on the third day of that detestable journey, from the effects of which I did not thoroughly recover for a

fortnight. The captain-general whom we found there was pleased to express a polite regret for the unpleasant duress I had been subject to, excusing it, however, on the plea of necessity; pleasantly adding, that in the interest of justice it was necessary that I should remain for some time longer under the surveillance of Lieutenant Davila, who would treat me with every civility and consideration consistent with not permitting me, on any pretence, to communicate, even by letter, with a living soul. This cool insolence was really unbearable, and I flamed away at a great rate till I was out of breath—to all which the sole reply vouchsafed was, that the instant the trial of Alvarez and his confederate for the murder of the young woman by the Guadalquivir, for which my evidence was required, had concluded, I should be set at liberty! The sergeant of lanciers and his men—Lieutenant Davila had informed me, previous to this interview—were arrived, and had reported that the assassin's bullet had pierced the brain of the unfortunate girl, and that death had consequently been instantaneous. It was not me alone that the high and mighty captain-general treated in this infamous manner. Señor Manuel—the lieutenant, two or three days subsequently, informed me—having arrived in Sevilla, in obedience to the general's summons, bringing with him some letters that were wanted, was arrested the moment he entered the city, and, to his infinite surprise and indignation, placed in solitary confinement, which he was rendering incessantly vocal by ejaculations to all the saints in the calendar—San Jago, in particular—touching the astounding treatment to which he, a loyal and wealthy Spaniard, was so incomprehensibly exposed.

His expostulations, like my own, were only laughed at, and we both perforce waited for such explanation as time might bring of the extraordinary treatment to which we were condemned. It was not long before I pretty well guessed the motives of all this precautionary rigor. Neither of the prisoners, I heard from the lieutenant, who was tolerably communicative in some respects, had made any revelation beyond a declaration by Alvarez that the fatal shot was fired without his consent, and appealing with well-simulated pathos to all men who were fathers on the impossibility of the crime with which he was charged. The examining judge had then been careful to conceal from him as yet that it was Katerina, not Luisa, he had been accessory to the destruction of, reserving that, I concluded, for a sudden blow at a later and more suitable part of the process; and it was in order, no doubt, that the effect of the announcement, which I very well understood, might elicit an involuntary confession of great importance for the determination of the legal

claims of the Señora de Calderon's niece, should not be marred in consequence of its prematurely coming to his knowledge, that I and others likely to speak of the change of dress and persons on that unhappy afternoon had been temporarily secured and silenced; and yet there was, I felt, but slight necessity for such extreme caution. There was on my mind not the faintest doubt that whenever or however the terrible announcement was made to the miserable man, that he had in very truth been an accomplice, more or less active and consenting, in the murder of his own daughter — of that Katerina whom it was so easy to see he loved with such entire and passionate affection — the tempest of remorse and agony by which he would be convulsed and torn must rend asunder all disguises, sweep away all deceptions, however cunningly contrived; and that especially the man by whose hand Katerina had actually fallen, would be instantly denounced, and the fraud with regard to Luisa, by which the assassin's family, if not himself, might thereafter profit, would be exposed with vengeful promptness.

This, however, was clearly not the opinion of the Lady Inez and her counsellors; and it was soon, moreover, quite plain to me, that the object of the investigation going forward was, in a very inferior degree, the conviction and punishment of Katerina's murderers, even as regards the officials, high and low, of the Sevilla Chancellaria. The chief aim manifestly was to obtain judicial proof that Luisa was the legitimate Gonsalvo heiress, and this purpose was, I must say, worked out with equal skill, audacity, and perseverance. They examined me very slightly with respect to the shooting by the Guadalquivir, but with elaborate minuteness as to the conversations I had with Alvarez relative to the Señor de Gonsalvo, with a view, it seemed, to show the *animus* of the confederates. José Perez was brought from Madrid for the same purpose, and deposited to the conversation on the Puerta del Sol, already given.

At last I was informed that, most of the preliminary forms having been gone through, the trial of the prisoners was about really to commence, and that myself and other witnesses would be present to hear our evidence read over, that it might be confirmed in the presence of the accused. I do not know whether this is the ordinary mode of judicial procedure in Spain, and I am the more inclined to doubt that it is, from what subsequently occurred, leading to a suspicion that the chiefs of the Chancellaria had been induced, in order to gratify a lady possessed of great influence at head-quarters, to vary somewhat the mode of trial.

The Hall of Justice at Sevilla is, or was, a large, heavily-fitted place, impressing one with a solemnity and awe that hardly required to

be increased by the grave and imposing costume of the principal officials, and the black velvet hangings and other mourning paraphernalia, set up in memory of the late King Ferdinand. There was no public, properly so called, only about twenty or thirty persons beside the witnesses, and all, I observed, admitted by especial favor: amongst whom Lady Inez de Calderon and the captain-general were conspicuously placed. Myself, José Perez, and Pedro — who whispered that he also had been imprisoned from the moment of his arrival in this incomprehensible city, why or what for he could not even guess — sat together, and were presently cautioned by a black-browed alguazil, who had just before been beckoned to by the president-judge, not to speak one word except in answer to such questions as he, the president, might himself put to us; the said alguazil taking his seat in our midst for the purpose, I presumed, of enforcing if necessary the command of which he was the bearer. By and by, my coat collar was seized from behind and shaken violently, a proceeding but confusedly interpreted by the hardly recognizable tone of Señor Manuel's voice — so fear-suppressed, yet fierce, angry, and indignant were they. "Ha! ha! I say, Señor Ingles, John Brown, Englishman" — these three words comprised my friend's entire stock of English, and were not brought into requisition except when he was extremely angry and inclined to be impertinent — "you are in the hole yourself, are you! I am glad of it with all my heart; and, I say, my friend, you may take that account for the journey to Madrid to those who showed you the picture, for by San Jago" —

"Silence! silence! — That way, sir!" called out our alguazil friend, at the same time pushing Señor Manuel with some violence in the direction indicated by his staff-armed fist. The poor señor, whose face was purple with rage and perplexity, did as he was ordered; and I observed him a few minutes after seated nearly opposite, and every now and then indulging in a pantomimic demonstration, which, except in its expression of fury and bewilderment, was altogether unintelligible to me.

The prisoners were at length brought in separately, and placed at a baize-covered railing, and the questioning process by the president commenced after the reading of the depositions, during which the witnesses stood erect, and once more declared, with the right arm raised and pointing upwards, that we had spoken the truth as in the presence of God and his saints.

Antonio de Gonsalvo was the first interrogated. He answered in substance, that the pistol had gone off unintentionally; that he had merely meant to frighten the girl; and no one could more lament the fatal result than

he did—a result in which he could have had no sinister interest whatever. “Had it, indeed, been the young person known as Katerina, who was reported to be the heiress of the Gonsalvo property?”—

He was stopped by an exclamation of rage from Señor Manuel, which brought upon that witness an instant sentence of removal to a distant and obscure part of the *sala*, with the intimation, that if he presumed again to offer the slightest comment upon what was said, he would be immediately sent to prison.

“Had it been,” resumed the prisoner, “the young person known as Katerina, who, it was asserted, had claims, whether ill or well-founded was another matter, to the Gonsalvo estates and honors, there might have been some color for the heinous but utterly unfounded crime; but, under the actual circumstances, none whatever existed.” A meaning smile glanced, as the accused spoke, towards the Lady Inez and the captain-general from the president-judge, but no commentary in words followed the coolly audacious statement.

It was soon Juan Alvarez’s turn, and, after much inconsequent interrogatory, to which he mainly replied—exhibiting all the while an affectation of intense grief—that whether the pistol was discharged by accident, as he believed, or by design, he, Juan Alvarez, was entirely innocent thereof; his sole purpose in galloping towards his daughter (whose strange position and action, in making signals to somebody on the river, he had, from accidentally passing that way, beheld with astonishment) being to inquire the meaning of such conduct—the real business of the *audiencia* commenced.

“The time is at length arrived, Juan Alvarez and Antonio de Gonsalvo,” said the presiding magistrate, with grave solemnity, “when it is necessary that I should inform you both that we are aware of a circumstance which entirely destroys the very slight plausibility of your statements. You, Alvarez, attempted to substitute your own child for the one placed in your charge?”—

“Ha!”

“Ay, now, that is a natural movement and expression. This cheat Antonio de Gonsalvo discovered, taxed you with, and finding further deception vain, so far as he was concerned, you agreed with him to confine Luisa in some remote place, by virtue of your usurped authority of father; or—and this, from what subsequently passed, has a more horrible likelihood—you finally, perhaps reluctantly, consented to a darker purpose?”—

“Never, never! I swear by the holy saints!” exclaimed Alvarez, whose features, like those of De Gonsalvo, were changing to the hue of ashes. “Never, I swear!”

“Listen, unhappy man. I have another

and much more terrible revelation to make; she whom you met, at whose life your confederate in crime levelled his murderous pistol—with your consent, I can hardly doubt—was in very truth your own child, Katerina, who”——

A wild, frenzied cry from Alvarez interrupted the magistrate. But for the flashing eyes, from which lighting had seemed to leap as the president’s words fell in thunder upon his brain, one might have thought the wretched man had been suddenly changed to stone, so white, rigid, motionless, were his aspect and posture. I glanced towards De Gonsalvo. He also was strongly agitated, but in a much less degree, of course, and was wiping his clammy forehead with a handkerchief. At last he said, after three or four efforts which had died upon his parched and twitching lips, “It is a trick, Juan—a trick, be assured!” Alvarez heard him, turned slowly round, and fixed his burning eyes for a few moments upon De Gonsalvo’s face, then closed them, and pressed the palms of his hands forcibly over the lids, as if to calm himself, and rally his bewildered faculties by the extrusion of exterior objects. “You know your daughter’s writing?” said the president, after a lengthened and unbroken silence. De Gonsalvo, I should state, had been removed, in obedience to a sign from the judge.

The question was repeated three times without eliciting an answer. At last an attendant alguazil shook the prisoner roughly by the arm, and repeated it in a harsh, menacing tone. “Yes—yes,” Alvarez slowly said; “I do.”

“Then read this letter, and convince yourself of the truth of what you have just heard.”

A letter—one from Katerina to Alfonso Manuel, detailing the scheme arranged with Luisa for a change of dresses—was handed across the court, and placed in the accused’s hands. He glanced at the lines, shuddered, the paper dropped from his nerveless grasp to the floor, and he said faintly, “I know the character. It is Ka—hers. Read for me; my eyes dazzle.”

His request was complied with. During the reading, it would have seemed, from the long-drawn, agonizing groan which accompanied it, that a sword was passing slowly through the body of the writhing, wretched man, whose head had sunk down upon the railing in his front. There was another long, oppressive pause, terminated by the president saying, “I will remove any doubt that may yet linger in your mind. If the project mentioned in the letter had not been persisted in, you would have met Luisa, as you believed you did, instead of Katerina. Let the former lady be brought in,” he added with a sign to an attendant, “and confronted with the prisoner. Now, Juan Alvarez, look up, and

disbelieve if you can the evidence of your own senses."

As the president's voice ceased, and amidst a breathless stillness, the prisoner's head was gradually raised and directed towards that part of the hall where the swinging of a door and the shuffling of feet announced the entrance of the new-comer. A renewal, but much weaker, of the terrible cry which the first intimation of the truth had wrung from Alvarez, proclaimed his recognition of the supposedly slain Luisa. It was followed by a convulsive but vain effort at articulate speech, and the next moment he had fallen across the railing without sense or motion.

The sitting of the tribunal was immediately suspended, and the prisoner removed, and a buzz of excitement pervaded the auditory for perhaps half an hour, when the president resumed his seat, and the murmuring hum of voices subsided once more into profound silence, to hear a communication read by one of the officers who had gone out with the accused. Juan Alvarez, it was formally stated, had volunteered, the instant he was restored to consciousness, to make a full confession upon all matters connected with the present inquiry. Antonio de Gonsalvo had discovered the fraud with respect to Doña Constancia, and a scheme had finally been matured for the disposal of that young lady, who was to have been taken and kept out of the country by her reputed father. For doing so, Alvarez was to have received a very large reward, with which, he said, he believed the Señor Manuel could have been induced to consent to his son's marriage with Katerina—a union which he, the deponent, believed to be necessary to her happiness. The firing of the pistol had been wilful, malevolent, the words used by De Gonsalvo, as he drew the trigger, having been, "She shall not escape by —, let the consequence be what it may." "As to the description of the child's person on the parchment, which it could be seen had been written in a separate paragraph, apart from the body of the writing as it were, an alteration had been effected in the following manner by one Pasco, a singularly skilful calligraphist, residing at Lagos, in Algarve, Portugal. He had carefully pumiced out the original words, and written those descriptive of Katerina over them. But he, Pasco, had told deponent that, if the super-writing were carefully removed, and a moderate heat applied to the parchment, the original words would distinctly reappear." This was the substance of the confession; and it may be as well to state at once, that the experiment suggested was afterwards successfully performed, and Luisa's right to the name of Constancia-Isabella de Gonsalvo, and the solid appurtenances thereto belonging, established beyond question.

The agitation which followed the reading of Alvarez's confession was of an altogether exultant kind, with nearly all the persons present, and it certainly could not be denied that the affair had been cleverly managed; but with one, and more especially poor Pedro, whose grief for the fate of Katerina was bitter and vehement, the feeling was a very different one; so much so, that when the Lady Inez—sweeping triumphantly past, accompanied by her niece, who looked, I was perfectly shocked to see, radiantly, proudly happy—requested me to call on her the next day, that she might, in some degree, compensate me for the inconvenience to which I had been put, the choking emotion of anger I felt would, I am pretty sure, have been expressed in very unwise words, but that the great lady was gone before I could fashion the indignant rebuke which trembled at my heart into articulate utterance.

Señor Manuel's morose peevishness jumped better with my irritated humor; and hearing that, like myself and others, he was at last released from surveillance, I waited, with weeping, heart-broken Pedro, for him in an anteroom, through which he would necessarily pass. Nor had we long to wait; he came up very quickly, his features still swollen and spotted with angry dismay.

"Ha! ha!" he burst out again the instant he caught sight of me—"you, Ingles, John Brown, Englishman! you have been shut up, too, I hear; and by San Jago! I am glad of it, with all my heart."

"You are disposed to be insolent, Señor Manuel, and I am not at all in the mind to brook it patiently. So terrible a catastrophe should, one would suppose, make a serious impression upon the most stolid, wooden natures. Your son, I am sure, must be suffering poignantly."

"My son, be hanged! He suffering poignantly!—pooh! It is I, sir, that am suffering poignantly—I, that am heart-broken, overwhelmed, desolated, destroyed by this atrocious business!"

"Atrocious, indeed, horrible beyond measure, that a father should have been the originating cause of poor Katerina's dreadful fate."

"Katerina's dreadful fate! By San Jago! — But what do you mean by Katerina's dreadful fate?"

"To be shot or drowned may surely be called so."

"Fiddle-de-dee! shot or drowned! Married and made her fortune, you mean! Why, San Jago! what are you dreaming about? Did n't you know, then, that the confounded puss got only a fright and a ducking, and married Alfonso the very next morning?"

Pedro and I had set up a simultaneous and joyous whoop that might have been, and I daresay was, heard half a mile off. I could

hardly believe that I heard aright; and we both assailed the indignant merchant with a torrent of questions, the chief result of which was to increase his angry consternation.

"Where are they, do you say? How can I tell! Spending the honeymoon and my money in Madrid or Paris—who knows? They set off like a prince and princess directly after the ceremony, and I have been locked up, for my share, almost ever since! And Luisa turns out to be the true De Gonsalvo, after all; and Katerina, confound her! that villain Juan's portionless daughter! And you, Señor Inglesé," he continued, blazing up into fierce wrath—you knew or guessed all this when you were in Madrid, for which journey I was to pay, too; but by San Jago! if ever I give a maravedi I wish!"

Here Pedro and I bolted off, half suffocated with laughter, and pursued by the old gentleman's fierce vituperation, which, however, gradually died away as we threaded the tortuous passages of the old place towards the street; and before ten minutes had passed, Pedro and I were seated jolly as sand-boys, over some excellent wine, and smoking, laughing, shouting, and by and by dancing—Pedro that is commenced a fandango to his own music till stopped by the host—like two maniacs. The whole matter was clear to me now; the locking us all up; the despotic conduct of the captain-general—it was all explained; and very cleverly, I fully agreed, had the thing been managed. Alvarez, I concluded, as nobody had been killed, would, partly for Katerina's sake, be let off pretty easily; and that rascal, De Gonsalvo, for other reasons, be permitted to escape with comparative impunity. I was right in both instances. The ex-captain of artillery was not long afterwards released; and, to show his gratitude for the queen-regent's clemency, immediately joined the motley ranks in arms for Don Carlos, in which company he ultimately received his reward in the shape of a bullet through the head. Juan Alvarez returned to his place near San Lucar, but not to survive very long. The shock he had experienced had broken him down both physically and morally; he never completely rallied; and a plain cross, in the tombyard of Los Gozos de Nuestra Señora, inscribed with his initials and the date of his death, marks

the grave which, it may be truly said, his own hands had prematurely prepared.

I did not fail to wait upon Lady Inez de Calderon, as she had requested, and was so kindly and handsomely compensated for my share of the happily accomplished work, that the numerous stirring appeals to the British Lion which I had prepared during my quasi captivity, being thereby rendered useless, were forthwith committed to the flames. From Doña Constanca de Gonsalvo, whose rank appeared to sit as easily upon her as if she had been to the manner bred as well as born, I received remembrances, presents, keepsakes, and a letter at least as long as this narrative for the young Señora Manuel; all of which I promised should be faithfully and personally delivered.

This promise I was enabled to redeem about three weeks after my return to Cadiz, during which interval of time I had sedulously avoided meeting with Señor Manuel. I approached his country-house one Sunday afternoon with considerable anxiety as to the position, under all circumstances, of the recently wedded couple. I was not long in doubt. The notes of a guitar, accompanying one of the sweetest voices in the world, in one of the most pleasing of the *Romances Moriscos*, to which I had seen the elder Manuel beat enthusiastic time on my first visit to the house of Juan Alvarez, quite satisfied me that the simple graces which had enthralled the son, had produced their natural effect upon the father, and that I was about to enter a reconciled and happy household. It proved so, and I remained till rather a late hour. Just before leaving, Señor Manuel and I happening to be alone for a few moments, he said quickly and in an under-tone: "Ah, that's right. Business must be remembered, after all. Do you send me to-morrow, my friend, your expense-account to Madrid, you know; I shall pay it, by San Jago! with all my heart!"

"What! as a reward for not telling you who I believed to be the real Constanca de Gonsalvo?"

"Pooh! Katerina is worth all the Gonsalvos in Spain, and a dozen over the market. Here's her health once more, in her absence, eh!—fashion of Englishmen, my boy!"

"With all my heart. Señora. Katerina's good health, and the little one's when it comes!—Hip, hip, hurra! And now, good-night!"

The Rhetoric of Conversation; or, a Bridle and Spurs for the Management of the Tongue. By George Winfred Hervey, author of *The Principles of Courtesy.* Harper & Brothers.

Although almost too old to learn, we shall read this book, hoping to find it as edifying as the former work of the same author.

A Selection from the Correspondence of the

late Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL. D. Edited by his Son-in-law, the Rev. Wm. Hanna. LL. D. Harper & Brothers. New York.

Egeria; or, Voices of Thought and Counsel, for the Woods and Wayside. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

From Household Words.

A DEAD SECRET.

IN what manner I became acquainted with that which follows, and from whom I had it, it serves not to relate here. It is enough that he was hanged, and that this is his story.

"And how came you," I asked, "to be —" I did not like to say hanged for fear of wounding his delicacy, but I hinted my meaning by an expressive gesture.

"How came I to be hanged?" he echoed in a tone of strident hoarseness. "You would like to know all about it — would n't you?"

He was sitting opposite to me at the end of the walnut-tree table in his shirt and trousers, his bare feet on the bare polished oak floor. There was a dark bistre ring round each of his eyes; and they — being spherical rather than oval, with the pupils fixed and coldly shining in the centre of the orbits — were more like those of some wild animal than of a man. The hue of his forehead, too, was ghastly and dingy; blue, violet, and yellow, like a bruise that is five days old. There was a clammy sweat on his beard and under the lobes of his ears; and the sea-breeze coming gently through the open Venetians (for the night was very sultry), fanned his long locks of coarse dark hair until you might almost fancy you saw the serpents of the Furies writhing in them. The fingers of his lean hands were slightly crooked inwards, owing to some involuntary muscular rigidity, and I noticed that his whole frame was pervaded by a nervous trembling, less spasmodic than regular, and resembling that which shakes a man afflicted with *delirium tremens*.

I had given him a cigar. After moistening the end of it in his mouth, he said, bending his eyes towards me, but still more on the wall behind my chair than on my face: "It's no use. You may torture me, scourge me, flay me alive. You may rasp me with rusty files, and seethe me in vinegar, and rub my eyes with gunpowder — but I can't tell you where the child is. I don't know — I never knew. How am I to make you believe that I don't know — that I never knew?"

"My good friend," I remarked, "you do not seem to be aware that, so far from wishing you to tell me where the child you allude to is, I am not actuated by the slightest curiosity to know anything about any child whatever. Permit me to observe that I cannot see the smallest connection between a child and your being hanged."

"No connection?" retorted my companion with vehemence. "It is the connection — the cause. But for that child I should never have been hanged."

He went on muttering and panting about this child; and I pushed towards him a

bottle of thin claret. (Being liable to be called up at all hours of the night, I find it lighter drinking than any other wine.) He filled a large tumbler — which he emptied into himself, rather than drank — and I observed that his lips were so dry and smooth with parchedness, that the liquid formed little globules of moisture on them, like drops of water on an oil-cloth. Then he began: —

I had the misery to be born (he said) about seven-and-thirty years ago. I was the offspring of a double misery, for my mother was a newly-made widow when I was born, and she died in giving me birth. What my name was before I assumed the counterfeit that has blasted my life, I shall not tell you. But it was no patrician, high-sounding title, for my father was a petty tradesman, and my mother had been a domestic servant. Two kinsmen succored me in my orphanage. They were both uncles; one by my father's, one by my mother's side. The former was a retired sailor, rich, and a bachelor. The latter was a grocer, still in business. He was a widower, with one daughter, and not very well-to-do in the world. They hated each other with the sort of cold, fixed, and watchful aversion that a savage cat has for a dog too large for her to worry.

These two uncles played a miserable game of battledore and shuttlecock with me for nearly fourteen years. I was bandied about from one to the other, and equally maltreated by both. Now, it was my Uncle Collerer who discovered that I was starved by my Uncle Morbus, and took me under his protection. Now, my Uncle Morbus was indignant at my Uncle Collerer for beating me, and insisted that I should return to his roof. I was beaten and starved by one, and starved and beaten by the other. I endeavored — with that cunning which brutal treatment will teach the dullest child — to trim my sails to please both uncles. I could only succeed by ministering to the hatred they mutually had one for the other. I could only propitiate Collerer by abusing Morbus: the only road to Morbus' short-lived favor was by defaming Collerer. Nor do I think I did either of them much injustice; for they were both wicked-minded old men. I believe either of them would have allowed me to starve in the gutter; only each thought that appearing to protect me would naturally spite the other.

When I was about fifteen years old it occurred to me that I should make an election for good and all between my uncles; else, between these two knotty crabbed stools I might fall to the ground. Naturally enough I chose the rich uncle — the retired sailor, Collerer; and, although I dare say he knew I only clove to him for the sake of his money, he seemed perfectly satisfied with my hearty

abuse of my Uncle Morbus, and my total abnegation of his society; for, for three years I never went near his house, and when he met me in the street I gave him the breadth of the pavement, and recked nothing for his shaking his fist at me, and calling me an ungrateful hound. My Uncle Collerer, although retired from the sea, had not left off making money. He lent it at usury on mortgages, and in numberless other crawling ways. I soon became his right hand, and assisted him in grinding the needy, in selling up poor tradesmen, and in buckling on the spurs of spendthrifts when they started for the race, the end of which was to be the jail. My uncle was pleased with me; and, although he was miserably parsimonious in his house-keeping and in his allowance to me, I had hopes and lived on; but very much in the fashion of a rat in a hole.

I had known Mary Morbus, the grocer's daughter, years before. She was a sickly, delicate child, and I had often teased and struck and robbed her of her playthings, in my evil childhood. But she grew up a surpassingly beautiful creature, and I loved her. We met by stealth in the park outside her father's door while he was asleep in church on Sundays; and I fancied she began to love me. There was little in my mind or person, in my white face, elf-locks and dull speech, to captivate a girl; but her heart was full of love, and its brightness gilded my miserable clay. I felt my heart newly opened. I hoped for something more than my uncle's money-bags. We interchanged all the flighty vows of everlasting affection and constancy common to boys and girls; and, although we knew the two fierce hatreds that stood betwixt us and happiness, we left the accomplishment of our wishes to time and fortune, and went on hoping and loving.

One evening, at supper-time—for which meal we had the heel of a Dutch cheese, a loaf of seconds bread, and a pint of small beer—I noticed that my Uncle Collerer looked more malignant and sullen than usual. He spoke little, and bit his food as if he had a spite against it. When supper was over, he went to an old worm-eaten bureau, in which he was wont to keep documents of value; and, taking out a bundle of papers, untied and began to read them. I took little heed of that; for his favorite course of evening reading was bonds and mortgage deeds; and on every eve of bills of exchange falling due he would spend hours in poring over the acceptances and endorsements, and even in bed he would lie awake half the night moaning and crooning lest the bills should not be paid on the morrow. After carefully reading and sorting these papers, he tossed them over to me, and left the room without a word. Then I heard him going up stairs to the top of the house, where my room was.

I opened the packet with trembling hands and a beating heart. I found every single letter I had written to Mary Morbus. The room seemed to turn round. The white sheet I held and the black letters dancing on it were all I could see. All beyond—the room, the house, the world—was one black, unutterable gulf of darkness. I tried to read a line—a line I had known by heart for months; but, to my scared senses, it might as well have been Chaldean. Then my uncle's heavy step was heard on the stairs.

He entered the room, dragging after him a small black portmanteau, in which I kept all that I was able to call my own. "I happen to have a key that opens this," he said, "and have read every one of the fine love-letters that silly girl has sent you. But I have been much more edified by the perusal of yours, which I only received from your good Uncle Morbus—strangle him!—last night. I'm a covetous hunk, am I! You live in hopes, do you? Hope told a flattering tale, my young friend. I've only two words to say to you," continued my uncle, after a few minutes' composed silence on his part, and of blank consternation on mine. "All your rags are in that trunk. Either give up Mary Morbus—now and forever, and write a letter to her here in my presence to that effect—or turn out into the street and never show your face here again. Make up your mind quickly, and for good." He then filled his pipe and lighted it.

While he sat composedly smoking his pipe, I was employed in making up my wretched mind. Love, fear, interest, avarice—cursed avarice—alternately gained ascendancy within me. At length there came a craven inspiration that I might temporize; that by pretending to renounce Mary, and yet secretly assuring her of my constancy, I might play a double game, and yet live in hopes of succeeding to my uncle's wealth. To my shame and confusion, I caught at this coward expedient, and signified my willingness to do as my uncle desired.

"Write, then," he resumed, flinging me a sheet of letter-paper and a pen; "I will dictate."

I took the pen; and following his dictation wrote, I scarcely can tell what now; but I suppose some abject words to Mary, saying that I resigned all claim to her hand.

"That'll do very nicely, nephew," said my uncle, when I had finished. "We need n't fold it, or seal it, or post it, because he, he, he—we can deliver it on the spot." We were in the front parlor, which was separated from the back room by a pair of folding-doors. My uncle got up, opened one of these; and, with a mock bow, ushered in my Uncle Morbus and my Cousin Mary.

"A letter for you, my dear," grinned the

old wretch; "a letter from your *true love*. Though I dare say you'll have no occasion to read it, for you must have heard me. I speak plain enough, though I am asthmatic, and can't last long—can't last long—eh, nephew!" This was a quotation from one of my own letters.

When Mary took the letter from my uncle, her hand shook as with the palsy. But, when I besought her to look at me, and passionately adjured her to believe that I was yet true to her, she turned on me a glance of scornful incredulity; and, crushing the miserable paper in her hand, cast it contemptuously from her.

"You marry my daughter!" my Uncle Morbus piped forth—"you! Your father could n't pay two-and-two-pence in the pound. He owed me money, he owes me money to this day. Why ain't there laws to make sons pay their fathers' debts! You marry my daughter! Do you think I'd have your father's son—do you think I'd have your uncle's nephew for my son-in-law!" I could see that the temporary bond of union between my two uncles was already beginning to loosen; and a wretched hope sprang up within me.

"Get out of my house, you and your niece, too!" cried my Uncle Collerer. "You've served my turn, and I've served yours. Now, go!"

I could hear the two old men fiercely, yet feebly, quarrelling in the passage, and Mary weeping piteously without saying a word. Then the great street door was banged to, and my uncle came in, muttering and panting.

"I hope you are satisfied now, uncle," I said.

"Satisfied!" he cried with a sort of shriek, catching up the great earthen jar, with the leaden top, in which he kept his tobacco, as though he meant to fling it at me. "Satisfied!—I'll satisfy you: go. Go! and never let me see your hang-dog face again!"

"You surely do not intend to turn me out of doors, uncle?" I faltered.

"March, bag and baggage. If you are here a minute longer I'll call the police. Go!" And he pointed to the door.

"But where am I to go!" I asked.

"Go and beg," said my uncle; "go and cringe to your dear Uncle Morbus. Go and rot!"

So saying he opened the door, kicked my trunk into the hall, thrust me out of the room and into the street, and pushed my portmanteau after me, without my making the slightest resistance. He slammed the door in my face, and left me in the open street, at twelve o'clock at night.

I slept that night at a coffee-shop. I had a few shillings in my pocket; and, next morning I took a lodging at, I think, four shillings a week, in a court, somewhere up a back street between Gray's Inn and Leather Lane,

Holborn. My room was at the top of the house. The court below swarmed with dirty, ragged children. My lodging was a back garret; and, when I opened the window, I could only see a narrow strip of sky, and a foul heap of sooty roofs, chimney-pots and leads, with the great dingy brick tower of a church towering above all. Where the body of the church was I never knew.

I wrote letter after letter to my uncles and to Mary, but never received a line in answer. I wandered about the streets all day, feeding on saveloys and penny loaves. I went to my wretched business by daylight, and groaned for darkness to come; then groaned that it might grow light again. I knew no one to whom I could apply for employment, and knew no means by which I could obtain it. The house I lived in and the neighborhood were full of foreign refugees and street mountebanks whose jargon I could not understand. My little stock of money slowly dwindled away; and, in ten days, my mind was ripe for suicide. You must serve an apprenticeship to acquire that ripeness. Crowded streets, utter desolation and friendlessness in them, scanty food, and the knowledge that, when you have spent all your money and sold your coat and waistcoat, you must starve, are the best masters. They produce that frame of mind which coroners' juries call temporary insanity. I determined to die. I expended my last coin in purchasing laudanum at different chemists' shops—a penny-worth at each; which, I said, I wanted for the tooth-ache; for I knew they would not supply a large quantity to a stranger. I took my dozen phials home, and poured their contents into a broken mug that stood on my wash-hand stand. I locked the door, sat down on my fatal black portmanteau, and tried to pray; but I could not.

It was about nine in the evening in the summer time, and the room was in that state of semi-obscurety you call "between the lights." While I sat on my black portmanteau, I heard through my garret window which was wide open, a loud noise: a confusion of angry voices, in which I could not distinguish one word I could comprehend. The noise was followed by a pistol-shot;—I hear it now, as distinctly as I heard it twenty years ago;—and then another. As I looked out of the window I saw a pair of hands covered with blood, clutching the sill, and I heard a voice imploring help for God's sake! Scarcely knowing what I did, I drew up from the leads below and into the room the body of a man, whose face was one mass of blood—like a crimson mask. He stood upright on the floor when I had helped him in; his face glaring at me like the spot one sees after gazing too long at the sun. Then he began to stagger; and went reeling about the room,

catching at the window curtain, the table, the wall, and leaving traces of his blood wherever he went—I following him in an agony—until he fell face-foremost on the bed.

I lit a candle as well as I could. He was quite dead. His features were so scorched and mangled, and drenched, that not one trait was to be distinguished. The pistol must have been discharged full in his face, for some of his long, black hair was burnt off. He held, clasped in his left hand, a pistol which evidently had been recently discharged.

I sat by the side of this horrible object twenty minutes or more waiting for the alarm which I thought must necessarily follow, and resolving what I should do. But all was as silent as the grave. No one in the house seemed to have heard the pistol shot, and no one without seemed to have heeded it. I looked from the window; but the dingy mass of roofs and chimneys had grown black with night, and I could perceive nothing moving. Only, as I held my candle out of the window it mirrored itself dully in a pool of blood on the leads below.

I began to think I might be accused of the murder of this unknown man. I, who had so lately courted a violent death, began to fear it, and to shake like an aspen at the thought of the gallows. Then I tried to persuade myself that it was all a horrible dream; but there, on the bed, was the dreadful dead man in his blood, and all about the room were the marks of his gory fingers.

I began to examine the body more minutely. The dead man was almost exactly of my height and stoutness. Of his age I could not judge. His hair was long and black like mine. In one of his pockets I found a pocket-book, containing a mass of closely-written sheets of very thin paper, in a character utterly incomprehensible to me; moreover, there was a roll of English bank-notes to a very considerable amount. In his waist-coat pocket was a gold watch; and, in a silken girdle round his waist, were two hundred English sovereigns and louis d'ors.

What fiend stood at my elbow while I made this examination I know not. The plan I fixed upon was not long revolved in my mind. It seemed to start up matured, like Minerva, from the head of Jupiter. I was resolved. The dead should be alive, and the live man, dead. In less time than it takes to tell, I had stripped the body, dressed it in my own clothes, assumed the dead man's garments, and secured the pocket-book, the watch, and the money about my person. Then I overturned the lighted candle on to the bed, slouched my hat over my eyes, and stole down stairs. No man met me on the stairs, and I emerged into the court. No man pursued me, and I gained the open street. It was only an hour after, perhaps, as I crossed

Holborn towards St. Andrew's Church that I saw fire-engines come rattling along; and, asking unconcernedly where the fire was, heard that it was "somewhere off Gray's Inn Lane."

I slept nowhere that night. I scarcely remember what I did; but I have an indistinct remembrance of flinging sovereigns about in blazing gas-lit taverns. It is a marvel to me now that I did not become senseless with liquor, unaccustomed as I was to dissipation. The next morning I read the following paragraph in a newspaper:—

AWFUL SUICIDE AND FIRE NEAR GRAY'S INN LANE.—Last night the inhabitants of Cragg's Court, Hustle street, Gray's Inn Lane, were alarmed by volumes of smoke issuing from the windows of number five in that court, occupied as a lodging house. On Mr. Plose, the landlord, entering a garret on the third floor, it was found that its tenant, Mr. —, had committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a pistol, which was found tightly clenched in the wretched man's hand. Either from the ignition of the wadding, or from some other cause, the fire had communicated to the bed-clothes; all of which, with the bed and a portion of the furniture, were consumed. The engines of the North of England Fire Brigade were promptly on the spot; and the fire was with great difficulty at last successfully extinguished; little beyond the room occupied by the deceased being injured. The body and face of the miserable suicide were frightfully mutilated; but sufficient evidence was afforded from his clothes and papers to establish his identity. No cause is assigned for the rash act; and it is even stated that if he had prolonged his existence a few hours later he would have come into possession of a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, his uncle, Cripple Collerer, Esq., of Raglan street, Clerkenwell, having died only two days before, and having constituted him his sole heir and legatee. That active and intelligent parish officer, Mr. Pybus, immediately forwarded the necessary intimation to the coroner, and the inquest will be held this evening at the Kiddy's Arms, Hustle street.

I had lost all—name, existence, thirty thousand pounds, everything—for about four hundred pounds in gold and notes.

"So I suppose," I said, as he who was hanged paused, "that you gave yourself up with a view of reestablishing your identity; and, failing to do that, you were hanged for murder or arson?"

I waited for a reply. He had lit another cigar, and sat smoking it. Seeing that he was calm, I judged it best not to excite or aggravate him by further questioning, but stayed his pleasure. I had not to wait long.

"Not so," he resumed; "what I became that night I have remained ever since, and am now: that is, if I am anything at all. The very day on which that paragraph appeared, I set off by the coach. My only wish

was to get as far from London and from England as I possibly could; and, in due time, we came to Hull. Hearing that Hamburg was the nearest foreign port, to Hamburg I went. I lived there for six months in an hotel, frugally and in solitude, and endeavoring to learn German; for, on narrower examination of the papers in the pocket-book, I guessed some portions of them to be written in that language. I was a dull scholar; but, at the end of six months, I had scraped together enough German to know that the dead man's name was Müller; that he had been in Russia, in France, and in America. I managed to translate portions of a diary he had kept while in this latter country; but they only related to his impressions of the towns he had visited. He often alluded too, casually, to his "secret" and his "charge;" but what that secret and that charge were, I could not discover. There were also hints about a "shepherdess," an "antelope," and a "blue tiger" — fictitious names I presumed for some persons with whom he was connected. The great mass of the documents was in a cipher utterly inexplicable to my most strenuous ingenuity and research. I went by the name of Müller; but I found that there were hundreds more Müllers in Hamburg, and no man sought me out.

I was in the habit of going every evening to a large beer house outside the town, to smoke my pipe. There generally sat at the same table with me a little fat man in a gray great-coat, who smoked and drank beer incessantly. I was suspicious and shy of strangers; but between this little man and me there gradually grew up a quiet kind of tavern acquaintance.

One evening, when we had had a rather liberal potation of pipes and beer, he asked me if I had ever tasted the famous *Baërische* or Bavarian beer, adding, that it threw all other German beers into the shade, and liberally offering to pay for a flask of it. I was in rather merry humor, and assented. We had one bottle of Bavarian beer; then another, and another, till, what with the beer and the pipes and the wrangling of the domino players, my head swam.

"I tell you what," said my companion, "we will just have one chopine of brandy. I always take it after *Baërischer* beer. We will not have it here, but at the *Grüne Gans* hard by; which is an honest house, kept by Max Rombach, who is a widow's son."

I was in that state when a man having already had too much is sure to want more, and I followed the man in the gray coat. How many chopines of brandy I had at the *Grüne Gans* I know not; but I found myself in bed next morning with an intolerable thirst and a racking headache. My first action was to spring out of bed, and search in the pocket-

of my coat for my pocket-book. It was gone. The waiters and the landlord were summoned; but no one knew anything about it. I had been brought home in a carriage, very inebriated, by a stout man in a gray great-coat, who said he was my friend, helped me upstairs, and assisted me to undress. The investigation ended with a conviction that the man in the gray coat was the thief. He had manifestly been tempted to the robbery by no pecuniary motive; for the whole of my remaining stock of bank-notes, which I always kept in the pocket-book, I found in my waistcoat pocket neatly rolled up.

That evening I walked down to the beer-house where I usually met my friend — not with the remotest idea of seeing him, but with the hope of eliciting some information as to who and what he was.

To my surprise he was sitting at his accustomed table, smoking and drinking as usual; and, to my stern salutation, replied with a good-humored hope that my head was not any the worse for the *brannewein* overnight.

"I want a word with you," said I.

"With pleasure," he returned. Whereupon he put on his broad-brimmed hat and followed me into the garden behind the house, with an alacrity that was quite surprising.

"I was drunk last night," I commenced.

"Zo," he replied, with an unmoved countenance.

"And while drunk," I continued, "I was robbed of my pocket-book."

"Zo," he repeated, with equal composure.

"And I venture to assert that you are the person who stole it."

"Zo. You are quite right, my son," he returned, with the most astonishing coolness. "I did take your pocket-book; I have it here. See."

He tapped the breast of his gray great-coat; and I could clearly distinguish, through the cloth, the square form of my pocket-book with its great clasp in the middle. I sprang at him immediately, with the intention of wrenching it from him; but he eluded my grasp nimbly, and, stepping aside, drew forth a small silver whistle, on which he blew a shrill note. In an instant a cloak or sheet was thrown over my head. I felt my hands muffled with soft but strong ligatures; and, before I had time to make one effort in self-defence, I was lifted off my feet and swiftly conveyed away, in total darkness. Presently we stopped, and I was lifted still higher; was placed on a seat; a door was slammed to; and the rumbling motion of wheels convinced me that I was in a carriage.

My journey must have lasted some hours. We stopped from time to time; to change horses, I suppose. At the commencement of the journey I made frantic efforts to disengage

myself, and to cry out. But I was so well gagged, and bound, and muffled, that, in sheer weariness and despair, I desisted. We halted at last for good. I was lifted out, and again carried swiftly along for upwards of ten minutes. Then, from a difficulty of respiration, I concluded that I had entered a house, and was perhaps being borne along some underground passage. We ascended and descended staircases. I heard doors locked and unlocked. Finally, I was thrown violently down on a hard surface. The gag was removed from my mouth, and the mufflers from my hands; I heard a heavy door clang to, and I was at liberty to speak and to move.

My first care was to disengage myself from the mantle, whose folds still clung around me. I was in total darkness—darkness so black, that at first I concluded some infernal device had been made use of to blind me. But, after straining my eyes in every direction, I was able to discern high above me a small circular orifice, through which permeated a minute thread of light. Then I became sensible that I was not blind, but in some subterranean dungeon. The surface on which I was lying was hard and cold—a stone pavement. I crawled about, feeling with my hands, endeavoring to define the limits of my prison. Nothing was palpable to the touch, but the bare smooth pavement, and the bare smooth walls. I tried for hours to find the door, but could not. I shouted for help; but no man came near me.

I must have lain in this den two days and two nights—at least the pangs of hunger and thirst made me suppose that length of time to have elapsed. Then the terrible thought possessed me that I was imprisoned there to be starved to death. In the middle of the third day, as it seemed to me, however, I heard a rattling of keys; one grated in the lock; a door opened, a flood of light broke in upon me; and a well-remembered voice cried "Come out!" as one might do to a beast in a cage.

The light was so dazzling that I could not at first distinguish anything. But I crawled to the door; and then, standing up, found I was in a small courtyard, and that opposite to me was my enemy, the man of the gray coat.

In a gray coat no longer, however. He was dressed in a scarlet jacket, richly laced with gold; which fitted him so tightly with the short tails sticking out behind, that, under any other circumstances, he would have seemed to me inconceivably ridiculous. He took no more notice of me than if he had never seen me before in his life; but, merely motioning to two servants in scarlet liveries to take hold of me under the arms, waddled on before.

We went in and out of half-a-dozen doors and traversed as many small courtyards.

The buildings surrounding them were all in a handsome style of architecture; and in one of them I could discern, through the open grated windows on the ground floor, several men in white caps and jackets. A distant row of copper stewpans, and a delicious odor, made me conjecture that we were close to the kitchen. We stopped some moments in this neighborhood; whether from previous orders, or from pure malignity towards me, I was unable then to tell. He glanced over his shoulder with an expression of such infinite malice, that what with hunger and rage I struggled violently but unsuccessfully to burst from my guards. At last we ascended a narrow but handsomely carpeted staircase; and, after traversing a splendid picture-gallery, entered an apartment luxuriously furnished; half library and half drawing-room.

A cheerful wood fire crackled on the dogs in the fireplace; and, with his back towards it, stood a tall elderly man, his thin gray hair carefully brushed over his forehead. He was dressed in black, had a stiff white neckcloth, and a parti-colored ribbon at his buttonhole. A few feet from him was a table, covered with books and papers; and sitting thereat in a large arm-chair, was an old man, immensely corpulent, swathed in a richly-furred dressing-gown, with a sort of jockey cap on his head, of black velvet, to which was attached a hideous green shade. The servants brought me to the foot of this table, still holding my arms.

"Monsieur Müller," said the man in black, politely, and in excellent English, "how do you feel?"

I replied, indignantly, that the state of my health was not the point in question. I demanded to know why I had been trepanned, robbed and starved.

"Monsieur Müller," returned the man in black, with immovable politeness, "you must excuse the apparently discourteous manner in which you have been treated. The truth is, our house was built, not for a prison, but for a palace; and, for want of proper dungeon accommodation, we were compelled to utilize for the moment an apartment which I believe was formerly a wine-cellar. I hope you did not find it damp."

The man with the green shade shook his fat shoulders, as if in silent laughter.

"In the first instance, Monsieur," resumed the other, politely motioning me to be silent; for I was about to speak, "we deemed that the possession of the papers in your pocket-book" (he touched that fatal book as he spoke) "would have been sufficient for the accomplishment of the object we have in view. But, finding that a portion of the correspondence is in a cipher of which you alone have the key, we judged the pleasure of your company absolutely indispensable."

"I know no more about the cipher and its key than you do," I ejaculated, "and, before Heaven, no secret that can concern you is in my keeping."

"You must be hungry, Monsieur Müller," pursued the man in black, taking no more notice of what I had said than if I had not spoken at all. "Carol, bring in lunch."

He, lately of the gray-coat, now addressed as Carol, bowed, retired, and presently returned with a tray covered with smoking viands and two flasks of wine. The servants half-loosened their hold; my heart leapt within me, and I was about to rush towards the viands, when the man in black raised his hand.

"One moment, Monsieur Müller," he said, "before you recruit your strength. Will you oblige me by answering one question, Where is the child?"

"Ja, where is the child?" echoed the man in the green shade.

"I do not know," I replied, passionately; "on my honor I do not know. If you were to ask me for a hundred years, I could not tell you."

"Carol," said the man in black, with an unmoved countenance, "take away the tray. Monsieur Müller has no appetite. Unless," he added, turning to me, "you will be so good as to answer that little question."

"I cannot," I repeated; "I don't know, I never knew."

"Carol," said my questioner, taking up a newspaper, and turning his back upon me, "take away the things. Monsieur Müller, good morning."

In spite of my cries and struggles I was dragged away. We traversed the picture gallery; but, instead of descending the staircase, entered another suite of apartments. We were crossing a long vestibule lighted with lamps, and one of my guards had stopped to unlock a door while the other lagged a few paces behind (they had loosened their hold of me, and Carol was not with us), when a panel in the wainscot opened, and a lady in black — perhaps thirty years of age and beautiful — bent forward through the aperture. "I heard all," she said, in a rapid whisper. "You have acted nobly. Be proof against their temptations, and Heaven will reward your devotedness."

I had no time to reply, for the door was closed immediately. I was hurried forward through room after room; until at last we entered a small bed-chamber, simply but cleanly furnished. Here I was left, and the door was locked and barred on the outside. On the table were a small loaf of black bread and a pitcher of water. Both of these I consumed ravenously.

I was left without further food for another entire day and night. From my window,

which was heavily grated, I could see that my room overlooked the court-yard where the kitchen was, and the sight of the cooks, and the smell of the hot meat, drove me almost mad.

On the second day I was again ushered into the presence of the man in black, and the man with the green shade. Again the infernal drama was played. Again I was tempted with rich food. Again on my expressing my inability to answer the question, it was ordered to be removed.

"Stop!" I cried desperately, as Carol was about to remove the food, and thinking I might satisfy them with a falsehood; "I will confess. I will tell all."

"Speak," said the man in black, eagerly, "where is the child?"

"In Amsterdam," I replied at random.

"Amsterdam — nonsense!" said the man in the green shade impatiently, "what has Amsterdam to do with the Blue Tiger?"

"I need not remind you," said the man in black, sarcastically, "that the name of any town or country is no answer to the question. You know as well as I do that the key to the whereabouts of the child is *there*," and he pointed to the pocket-book.

"Yes; *there*," echoed the man in the green shade. And he struck it.

"But, sir —" I urged.

The answer was simply, "Good morning, Monsieur Müller."

Again was I conducted back to my prison; again I met the lady in black, who administered to me the barren consolation that "Heaven would reward my devotedness." Again I found the black loaf and the pitcher of water, and again I was left a day and a night in semi-starvation, to be again brought forth, tantalized, questioned, and sent back again.

"Perhaps," remarked the man in black, at the fifth of these interviews, "it is gold that Monsieur Müller requires. See." As he spoke, he opened a bureau crammed with bags of money, and bade me help myself.

In vain I protested that all the gold in the world could not extort from me a secret which I did not possess. In vain I exclaimed that my name was not Müller; in vain I disclosed the ghastly deceit I had practised. The man in black only shook his head, smiled incredulously, and told me — while complimenting me for my powers of invention — that my statement confirmed his conviction that I knew where the child was.

After the next interview, as I was returning to my starvation meal of bread and water, the lady in black again met me.

"Take courage," she whispered. "Your deliverance is at hand. You are to be removed to-night to a lunatic asylum."

How my translation to a mad-house could

accomplish my deliverance, or better my prospects, did not appear very clear to me; but that very night I was gagged, my arms were confined in a strait waistcoat, and I was placed in a carriage, which immediately set off at a rapid pace. We travelled all night; and, in the early morning, arrived at a large stone building. Here I was stripped, examined, placed in a bath, and dressed in a suit of coarse gray cloth. I asked where I was. I was told in the Alienation Refuge of the Grand Duchy of Sachs-Pfeigiger.

"Can I see the head-keeper?" I asked.

The Herr-ober-Direktor was a little man with a shiny bald head and very white teeth. When I entered his cabinet he received me politely and asked me what he could do for me. I told him my real name, my history, my wrongs; that I was a British subject, and demanded my liberty. He smiled and simply called — "Where is Kraus?"

"Here, Herr," answered the keeper.

"What number is monsieur?"

"Number ninety-two."

"Ninety-two," repeated the Herr Direktor, leisurely writing. "Cataplasms on the soles of the feet. Worsted blisters behind the ears, a mustard plaster on the chest, and ice on the head. Let it be Baltic ice."

The abominable inflictions thus ordered were all applied. The villain Kraus tortured me in every imaginable way; and in the midst of his tortures, would repeat, "Tell me where the child is, Müller, and you shall have your liberty in half-an-hour."

I was in the madhouse for six months. If I complained to the doctor of Kraus' ill-treatment and temptations, he immediately began to order cataplasms and Baltic ice. The bruises I had to show were ascribed to injuries I had myself inflicted in fits of frenzy. The maniacs with whom I was caged declared, like all other maniacs, that I was outrageously mad.

One evening, as I lay groaning on my bed, Kraus entered my cell. "Get up," he said, "you are at liberty. I was bribed, by you know who, with ten thousand Prussian thalers to get your secret from you, if I could; but I have been bribed with twenty thousand Austrian florins (which is really a sum worth having) to set you free. I shall lose my place, and have to fly; but I will open an hotel at Frankfort for the Englanders, and make my fortune. Come!" He led me down stairs, let me out of a private door in the garden; and, placing a bundle of clothes and a purse in my hand, bade me good-night.

I dressed myself, threw away the mad-man's livery, and kept walking along until morning, when I came to the custom-house barrier of another Grand Duchy. I had a passport ready provided for me in the pocket of my coat, which was found to be perfectly

en règle, and I passed unquestioned. I went that morning to the coach-office of the town, and engaged a place in the *Eilwagen* to some German town, the name of which I forget; and at the end of four days' weary travelling, I reached Brussels.

I was very thin and weak with confinement and privation; but I soon recovered my health and strength. I must say that I made up by good living for my former compulsory abstinence; and both in Brussels and in Paris, to which I next directed my steps, I lived on the best. One evening I entered one of the magnificent restaurants in the Palais Royal to dine. I had ordered my meal from the *carte*, when my attention was roused by a small piece of paper which had been slipped between its leaves. It ran thus:—

Feign to eat, but eat no fish. Remain the usual time at your dinner, to disarm suspicion, but immediately afterwards make your way to England. Be sure, in passing through London, to call on Hildeburger.

I had ordered a *sole au gratin*; but when it arrived, managed to throw it piece by piece under the table. When I had discussed the rest of my dinner, I summoned the garçon, and asked for my bill.

"You will pay the head waiter, if you please, monsieur," said he.

The head waiter came. If he had been a centaur or a sphinx I could not have stared at him with more horror and astonishment than I did; for there, in a waiter's dress, with a napkin over his arm, was Carol, the man of the gray coat.

"Müller," he said, coolly, bending over the table, "your sole was poisoned. Tell me where the child is, and here is an antidote, and four hundred thousand francs."

For reply I seized the heavy water decanter, and dashed it, with all the force I could command, full in the old ruffian's face. He fell like a stone, amid the screams of women, the oaths of men, and cries of *à la Garde! à la Garde!* I slipped out of the restaurant and into one of the passages of outlets which abound in the Palais Royal. Whether the man died or not, or whether I was pursued, I never knew. I gained my lodgings unmolested, packed up my luggage, and started the next morning, by the diligence, for Boulogne.

I arrived in due time in London; but I did not call on "Hildeburger" because I did not know who or where Hildeburger was. I started the very evening of my arrival in London for Liverpool, being determined to go to America. I was fearful of remaining in England, not only on account of my persecutors, but because I was pursued everywhere by the spectre of the real Müller.

I took my passage to New York in a steamer

which was to sail from the Docks in a week's time. It was to start on a Monday; and on the Friday preceding I was walking about the Exchange, congratulating myself that I should soon have the Atlantic between myself and my pursuers. All at once I heard the name of Müller pronounced in a loud tone close behind me. I turned, and met the gaze of a tall, thin young man, with a downy mustache, who was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and was sucking the end of an ebony stick.

"Monsieur Müller," he said, nodding to me easily.

"My name is not Müller," I answered boldly.

"You have not yet called on Hildeburger," he added, slightly elevating his eyebrows at my denial.

I felt a cold shiver pass over me, and stammered, "N—n—no!"

"We had considerable difficulty in learning your whereabouts!" he went on with great composure. "The lady was obstinate. The screw and the water were tried in vain; but at length, by a judicious use of the cord and pulleys, we succeeded."

I shuddered again.

"Will you call on Hildeburger now?" he resumed quickly and sharply. "He is here—close by."

"Not now, not now," I faltered. "Some other time."

"The day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes," I answered eagerly, "the day after to-morrow."

"Well, Saturday be it. You will meet me here, at four in the afternoon! Good! Do not forget. *Au revoir*, Monsieur Müller."

He had no sooner uttered these words than he turned and disappeared among the crowd of merchants on 'Change.

I could not doubt, by his naming Saturday as the day for our meeting, that he had some inkling of my intended departure. Although I had paid my passage to New York, I determined to forfeit it, and to change my course so as to evade my persecutors. I entered a shipping-office, and learnt that a good steamer would leave George's Dock at ten that same night for Glasgow. And to Glasgow for the present I made up my mind to go.

At a quarter before ten I was at the dock with my luggage. It was raining heavily, and there was a dense fog.

"This way for the Glasgow steamer—this way," cried a man in a Guernsey shirt, "this way, your honor. I'll carry your trunk."

He took up my trunk as he spoke, and led the way down a ladder, across the decks of two or three steamers, and to the gangway of a fourth, where a man stood with dark bushy whiskers, dressed in a pea-coat, and holding a lighted lantern.

"Is this the Glasgow steamer?" I asked.

"All right!" answered the man with the lantern. "Look sharp, the bell's a-going to ring."

"Remember poor Jack, your honor," said the man in the Guernsey, who had carried my trunk. I gave him sixpence and stepped on board. A bell began to ring, and there was great confusion on board with hauling of ropes and stowing of luggage. The steamer seemed to me to be intolerably dirty and crowded with goods; and, to avoid the crush, I stepped aft to the wheel. In due time we had worked out of the dock and were steaming down the Mersey.

"How long will the run to Glasgow take, think you, my man?" I asked of the man at the wheel. He stared at me as if he did not understand me, and muttered some unintelligible words. I repeated the question.

"He does not speak English," said a voice at my elbow, "nor can any soul on board this vessel, except you and I, Monsieur Müller."

I turned round, and saw to my horror the young man with the ebony cane and the downy mustache.

"I am kidnapped!" I cried. "Let me have a boat. Where is the captain?"

"Here is the captain," said the young man, as a fiercely-bearded man came up the companion-ladder. "Captain Miloschvich of the Imperial Russian ship *Pyroscaphe*, bound to St. Petersburg, M. Müller. As Captain Miloschvich speaks no English you will permit me to act as interpreter."

Although I feared from his very presence that my case was already hopeless, I entreated him to explain to the captain that there was a mistake; that I was bound for Glasgow, and that I desired to be set on shore directly.

"Captain Miloschvich," said the young man, when he had translated my speech, and received the captain's answer, "begs you to understand that there is no mistake; that you are not bound for Glasgow, but for St. Petersburg; and that it is quite impossible for him to set you on shore here, seeing that he has positive instructions to set you on shore in Cronstadt. Furthermore, he feels it his duty to add that should you, by any words or actions, attempt to annoy or disturb the crew or passengers, he will be compelled to put you in irons, and place you in the bottom of the hold."

The captain frequently nodded during these remarks, as if he perfectly understood their purport, although unable to express them; and, to intimate his entire coincidence, he touched his wrists and ankles.

If I had not been a fool I should have resigned myself to my fate. But I was so maddened with misfortune, that I sprang on the young man, hoping to kill him, or to be killed myself and to be thrown into the sea.

But I was chained, beaten, and thrown into the hold. There, among tarred ropes, the stench of tallow-casks, and the most appalling sea-sickness, I lay for days, fed with mouldy biscuit and putrid water. At length we arrived at Cronstadt.

All I can tell you, or I know of Russia, is, that somewhere in it there is a river, and on that river a fortress, and in that fortress a cell, and in that cell a knout. Seven years of my existence were passed in that cell, under the lashes of that knout, with the one horrible question dinning in my ears, "Where is the child?"

How I escaped to incur worse tortures it is bootless to tell you. I have swept the streets of Palermo as a convict, in a hideous yellow dress. I have pined in the Inquisition at Rome. I have been caged in the mad-house at Constantinople, with the rabble to throw stones and mud at me through the bars. I have been branded in the back in the *bagnes* of Toulon and Rochfort; and everywhere I have been offered liberty and gold, if I would answer the question, "Where is the child?" At last, having been accused of a crime I did not commit, I was condemned to death. Upon the scaffold they asked me "Where is the child?" Of course there could be no answer, and I was —

Just then, Margery, my servant, who never will have the discrimination to deny me to importunate visitors, knocked at the door, and told me that I was wanted in the surgery. I went down stairs, and found Mrs. Walkingshaw, Johnny Walkingshaw's wife, who told me that her "master" was "took all over like," and quite "stroaken of a heap." Johnny Walkingshaw is a member of the ancient order of Sylvan Brothers; and, as I am club doctor to the Sylvan Brothers, he has a right to my medical attendance for the sum of four shillings a year. Whenever he has taken an overdose of rough cider he is apt to be "stroaken all of a heap" and to send for me. I was the more annoyed at being obliged to walk to Johnny Walkingshaw's cottage at two in the morning, because the wretched man had been cut short in his story just as he was about to explain the curious surgical problem of how he was resuscitated. When I returned he was gone, and I never saw him more. Whether he was mad and had hanged himself, or whether he was sane and had been hanged according to law, or whether he had ever been hanged or never been hanged, are points I have never quite adjusted in my mind.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

What is it you ask me, darling?
All my stories, child, you know;
I have no strange dreams to tell you,
Pictures I have none to show.

Tell you glorious scenes of travel?
Nay, my child, that cannot be,
I have seen no foreign countries,
Marvels none on land or sea.

Yet strange sights in truth I witness,
And I gaze until I tire;
Wondrous pictures, changing ever,
As I look into the fire.

There, last night, I saw a cavern,
Black as pitch; within it lay
Coiled in many folds a dragon,
Glaring as if turned at bay.

And a knight in dismal armor
On a winged eagle came,
To do battle with this dragon;
His towering crest was all of flame.

As I gazed the dragon faded,
And, instead, sat Pluto crowned,
By a lake of burning fire;
Spirits dark were crouching round.

That was gone, and lo! before me,
A cathedral vast and grim;
I could almost hear the organ
Roll along the arches dim.

As I watched the wreathed pillars,
A thick grove of palms arose,
And a group of swarthy Indians
Stealing on some sleeping foes.

Stay; a cataract glancing brightly,
Dashed and sparkled; and beside
Lay a broken marble monster,
Mouth and eyes were staring wide.

Then I saw a maiden wreathing
Starry flowers in garlands sweet;
Did she see the fiery serpent
That was wrapped about her feet?

That fell crashing all and vanished;
And I saw two armies close —
I could almost hear the clarions
And the shouting of the foes.

They were gone; and lo! bright angels,
On a barren mountain wild,
Raised appealing arms to heaven,
Bearing up a little child.

And I gazed, and gazed, and slowly
Gathered in my eyes and tears,
And the fiery pictures bore me
Back through distant dreams of years.

Once again I tasted sorrow,
With past joy was once more gay,
Till the shade had gathered round me
And the fire had died away.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

MOZART, the great musical composer, was unquestionably a *born* genius. Genius comes we know not how — like the wind, it blows whither it listeth — and springs up alike in the hut of the poor man and in the chamber of the rich. Mozart's father was valet-musician to the Archbishop of Salzburg. This was a position of mean servitude, but he ultimately raised himself from it to the office of vice-conductor of the orchestra. He was a man of considerable intelligence, and was much esteemed for his proficiency in his art, — though he stuck to the old ruts, and never ventured upon untrodden paths in harmony. He was not a genius in music like his son, but a diligent student and a laborious learner. To his son, the child Mozart, born in 1756, music came like an inspiration. It first displayed itself when he was only three years old, when he delighted himself by striking thirds on the *claviere*, and enjoying the musical harmony thus produced. At four, his father began giving him lessons: he did it at first in sport, but the child learnt rapidly, and in learning to play he learnt to compose. Music was a kind of natural language to him. The knowledge of melody, rhythm, and symmetry, which others acquire with difficulty, came to him as it were by intuition. While only four years old he composed little pieces of music, which his father, doubtless proud of his precocious child, wrote down for him; and the pieces are still preserved. We venture to say that the little Mozart's health was not improved by this too-early excitement of his brain. But what parent thinks of this while admiring the upspringing of genius in his child! We are told, indeed, that the boy's sensitiveness was extreme: he would ask those about him ten times a day whether they loved him; and if they jestingly replied in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears. Sensitiveness is, indeed, a source of great joy, but also of acute sorrow, especially in the young. There are compensations in all states of being.

Such a prodigy was not to be neglected. There was money to be made by him. The father took him to the Bavarian Court when he was six years old, and had him exhibited there. Of course, everybody was astonished. The wonderful child proceeded to write concertos with a full score of accompaniments, and even "*trumpets and drums*." Perhaps this last accompaniment, however, is a biographical flourish; for the early scores of Mozart which have been preserved show that in his accompaniments he confined himself to oboes, bassoons, and horns.

The family returned to Salzburg, when the boy Mozart began to learn the violin. His fingers being not yet long enough to grasp the

neck of the ordinary instrument, a very small one was procured for him. Before he had received regular lessons on the instrument, a quartette party met at his father's house one day, when the little Wolfgang entreated that he might play the second violin. The father would not hear of it, as the boy had had no instruction on the violin. But the latter replied that to play a second violin part it was not necessary to be instructed. The father at this became impatient, and ordered him to go away and not disturb them. The boy cried bitterly, on which the others entreated he might be allowed to accompany the quartette. The father consented, only on the condition that Wolfgang was not to make a noise. But so wonderfully did the little boy play, that Herr Senacher, who played the second violin, soon laid down his instrument, finding himself quite superfluous. The father could not suppress his tears.

More exhibitions! Another tour of concerts was projected by the father, who carried his son and daughter first to Passau and Linz, and then on to Vienna. The boy was the pet of the ladies everywhere; and the musical prodigy was the theme of general conversation. It was a wonder the boy's brain stood it all. At Vienna the prodigy was introduced to their majesties, and played before them. Little Wolfgang "sprang into the lap of the empress, took her round the neck, and kissed her very heartily." To-day at the court, tomorrow at the French ambassador's, next day at some great count's, fetched and sent back "in the carriages of the nobility" — so writes the happy father. The little musician is dressed in a coat of lily color, of the finest cloth, with double broad gold borders, originally made for the Archduke Maximilian. The emperor calls him "the little magician," the empress gives him "nods and wreathed smiles," and all pet and praise the wonderful prodigy. His organization still continued most delicate, and his nervous susceptibility increased so much that the sound of a trumpet would almost throw him into convulsions. His father thought to cure him by accustoming him to the sound, and one day commenced the experiment. At the first blast the child turned pale and sunk to the ground; he was with difficulty recovered, and the father desisted from the further prosecution of his "cure."

In the year 1763, when the boy was about eight years old, and had made great improvement in music, by almost constant practice, the whole family set out on a musical tour of Europe. They went to Munich, Augsburg, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Mayence, Bonn, and Aix-la-Chapelle — at some places making money, at others losing it. The father, in one of his letters to a friend at Salzburg, writes — "At Aix-la-Chapelle there was the Princess Amelia, sister of the King of Prussia.

She has, however, *no money*. If the kisses that she gave my children, especially to Master Wolfgang, had been *louis d'ors*, we should have been well off; but neither hosts nor post-masters will take kisses for current coin." The family proceeded to Paris, where they were favorably received. The little Mozart played before the court at Versailles. His organ performance in the Chapel Royal was even more admired than his playing on the *clavier*. He also gave several public concerts in Paris, where he published his first works — two sets of sonatas for the *clavier* and violin. Portraits of the family were engraved, poems were written upon them, and they became quite the rage. "The people are all crazy about my children," wrote the father to a friend.

Those who would know something of the deplorable state of society in France at the period of the Mozarts' visit, some twenty years before the breaking out of the Revolution, may learn some curious information on the subject in Mozart, the father's, letters to his friends. He found domestic society without virtue, but abounding in "etiquette;" profligacy among the courtiers and nobility, and beggary and wretchedness among the people; and in a prophetic strain the old man wrote thus; looking at the scenes transacted around him — "If there is not a special mercy of God, it will one day fare with the state of France as of old with the kingdom of Persia." Once, when at court at Versailles, the Mozarts alone "had the way cleared for them to the royal table," the Swiss guard marching before them. Wolfgang stood near the queen, chatting with and amusing her, now and then eating something which she gave him from the table, or kissing her hand. Madame de Pompadour was the reigning beauty at the time, but she would not allow the little Mozart to kiss her; on which the boy exclaimed, rather angrily, "Who is this that will not kiss me? The empress kissed me."

The court, however, forgot to pay the Mozarts, for the royal exchequer was not over well supplied in those days, notwithstanding the odious and burdensome taxes which were levied on the people. The Mozarts, therefore, set out for England, the land of money. They reached London in April, 1764, remaining there for a year. They lodged in Frith Street, Soho. Their majesties heard both the children play before them, and also were present at the boy's performance on the royal organ in Windsor Chapel. Then the family gave a public concert, which was very well patronized, and proved very profitable. Shortly after, a charity concert was given, at which the young Mozart gave his gratuitous services. "I have permitted Wolfgang," writes the father, "to play the British Patriot, and perform an organ concerto on this occasion. *Observe, this is the way to gain the love of the English.*" The

boy went forward with his composition, and published several sets of sonatas while in London, which produced money for his father. Such was the character of these compositions, that the Honorable Daines Barrington strongly suspected that the boy's youth was exaggerated by his father; but one day, while on a visit to the family, the child's nature of the little Mozart unmistakably showed itself. "Whilst playing to me," writes Barrington, "a favorite cat came in, on which he left his harpsichord, nor could we bring him back for a considerable time. He would also sometimes run about the room with a stick between his legs by way of a horse." But to place the matter beyond a doubt, Barrington obtained the certificate of the boy's birth through the Bavarian ambassador, by which his reputation as a musical prodigy was completely established. But the Londoners were soon satiated with the little Mozart's performances, and his concerts failed to draw. The family, therefore, went abroad again, and while at the Hague both of the children were nearly carried off by disease, doubtless the consequence of the feverish state of excitement in which they were kept by their exhibitions. Rest, however, enabled them to rally, and they went on as before, giving concerts in all the large towns they passed through, at length reaching Salzburg, their native place, about the end of the year 1766.

Now he gave himself up to study and hard practice in the works of the great masters, composing music of various kinds — masses, cantatas, concertos, sonatas, and symphonies, which he threw off with amazing fertility. He remained, however, only a year at home: and we find him again at Vienna, performing before the court with great *éclat*. He was now twelve years of age; and fortunately at this time he entered with great vivacity into youthful sports, taking especial delight in fencing, horsemanship, billiards, and dancing, by which his physical constitution became strengthened, and the excessive sensitiveness of his nervous system was in some measure subdued. The professional musicians of Vienna viewed the youthful genius with great suspicion and jealousy, and entered into cabals against him, which for a time were successful. To retrieve his position, his father determined on bringing out an original opera of his son's composition, and it was commenced forthwith. It was soon written. *La Finta Semplice* it was called; but to get it put upon the stage was a matter of the greatest difficulty. The cabal of the musicians pursued the Mozarts into the theatre, and delays, excuses, evaded promises, purposely confused rehearsals, soon effectually blasted the success of the work. Mozart's father appealed to the emperor, who interfered, but in vain. The intrigue against Mozart prevailed, and the

opera could not be brought out. But the boy went on with other compositions, and a new mass composed by him was performed in presence of the court, to their entire satisfaction.

The family returned to Salzburg, where Wolfgang prosecuted his studies in the higher departments of composition, and also improved his acquaintance with the Italian language. He was appointed concert-master to the archbishop, and wrote many of his masses about this time. But he ardently desired to visit Italy, then the land of classical music and of great composers; and accordingly he and his father set out for Rome, passing through Verona, Mantua, Cremona, Milan, and Bologna, giving concerts by the way, to which the Italians crowded to hear the *Giovenetto Ammirabile*. They arrived in Rome in the Holy Week, and they hurried to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere*, which musicians were forbidden to copy or take away on pain of excommunication. But the little prodigy copied down the piece on hearing it the first time, though the music is of the most difficult kind, abounding in imitation and traditional effects, and performed by a double choir. Mozart heard it a second time, when he corrected his MS. which he had concealed in his hat. It was soon known in Rome that the unexampled theft of the *Miserere* had been effected, and the boy was obliged to produce it at a large musical party, when one of the principal musicians of the chapel confirmed its correctness. The generous Italians were so much delighted at the feat of genius in the boy, that they did not call upon the Pope to excommunicate the culprit.

From Rome the Mozarts went to Naples, where they made the acquaintance of Nelson's Lady Hamilton, played before the king, and excited a perfect *furor* amongst the excitable Italians. They returned to Rome, and went on to Milan, the boy composing at intervals, gathering strength, and imbuing his mind deeply with the noble church music of Italy. At Milan he stayed to compose the first opera of his which was represented on the stage. It was the *Mithridates*, and was performed twenty times successively at La Scala, amid hurricanes of applause. On their way home by Venice the Mozarts led a gay life, receiving a succession of honors, entertainments, and polite attentions of all sorts. On reaching Salzburg, Mozart found a letter waiting him, inviting him to compose a grand dramatic serenata in honor of the nuptials of the Archduke Ferdinand, and which was to be performed at Milan in the autumn. To throw off a work of this sort was now a trifle to Mozart, who found time besides to write a litany, a *regina celi*, and several symphonies in the interval. The serenata was composed, and brought out with immense *éclat* at Milan at the time appointed — Hasse, the composer,

the rival of Handel and Porpora, exclaiming, when he heard the work, "This boy will throw us all into the shade." Two other works, one a serenata, the other an opera (*Locio Silla*), were produced by him at the Milan Theatre shortly after; and he proceeded diligently in the work of self-culture and improvement. Shortly after he returned again to Salzburg, from whence he proceeded to Munich to bring out his opera buffa, *La Finta Giardiniera*, which was a great advance upon his previous compositions in the same style. Notwithstanding these numerous brilliant works, and the profusion of sonatas, concertos, masses, and other pieces, which he composed for the theatres and for the Archbishop of Salzburg's concerts, Mozart had to struggle with poverty. He reaped little from his operas but honor, and the pay which he received from the archbishop for several years was only about £1. ls. a year! Still he wrote on, determined at least to deserve success. But he would not stay longer at Salzburg, where he found he was only losing time; and in the year 1777 he accordingly left his native town — where he had always been the least appreciated — in search of better fortune. He was on this occasion accompanied by his mother only, his father remaining at home to perform the duties of his ill-remunerated office of *capel-meister*.

Mozart was now twenty-one years of age, but had still the look of a mere boy. Yet his letters written to his father in the course of this sixteen months' tour show that he was possessed of much spirit, vivacity, and intelligence. His letters were full of character, and display strong powers of observation, as well as great felicity in description. The first place he sojourned at was Munich, but, though he delighted the court by his performances, he could obtain no footing in the place, and passed on by Augsburg to Mannheim. Here his reputation was known, and he excited some interest. At a rehearsal which he attended, people stared at him in such a fashion that he could hardly preserve his gravity. "They think," said he, "because I am little and young, that nothing great or old can be in me, but they shall soon see." One Sunday he went to the Elector's Chapel, when, after mass had begun, Mozart proceeded to take his place at the organ. "I was in my best humor," said he. "There is always a voluntary here in the place of the *Benedictus*, so I took a phrase from the *Sanctus* and fugued upon it. There they all stood making faces." Another time he went into the Lutheran church and played for an hour and a half on the organ in a state of ecstasy: "It came right from the heart," said he. His criticism on a new mass, by one Vogler, is curious. "I stayed," says he, "no longer than the *Kyrie*. Such music I never before heard in

my life; for not only is the harmony frequently wrong, but he goes into the keys as if he would tear one in by the hair of the head; not in an artist-like manner, or in any way that would repay the trouble, but plump and without preparation."

Mozart was admired at court, but he found court patronage so beggarly an affair at best, then and always, that he contemplated leaving Mannheim for Paris, to gain his living by teaching. But he made a last effort to obtain work from the Elector—for "work," said the ardent composer, "is my pleasure." The Elector, however, would do nothing for him, except invite him to play at court, and accept original compositions from the composer, which he forgot to pay for. At last, Mozart, finding his prospects vain, set out for Paris. But the change was even for the worse. Mozart hated Paris. He found the Parisians artificial, heartless, vicious, and without any feeling or love for music. The French paid Mozart in compliments only; he succeeded in obtaining three pupils, one of them the daughter of a duke, but had he relied on teaching, he would have starved; he composed symphonies for open-air concerts, but though well received, they produced but little. At this time his mother died; an earnest invitation from his father reached him to return to Salzburg, where the archbishop was willing to engage him as his concert-master, at the liberal salary of £42 a year! The archbishop accompanied his invitation with the insulting remark that "he could not endure the wandering about on begging expeditions;" which was a hint to the Mozarts that they must confine themselves to Salzburg and the archbishop's miserable parsimony. On these prospects the young Mozart consented to return to Salzburg.

It was from this period of his settling down at Salzburg as the archbishop's concert-master that the grand genius of Mozart fairly burst forth. Heretofore he had appeared rather in the light of a musical prodigy, possessed of remarkably precocious powers, both of composition and execution, than as a great original creator in music. The first work which he composed after returning to Salzburg was the mass, known as No. 1 of the English Editions. It was a thoroughly original and striking work, and exhibited a marked advance in his genius within a very few months. But his first grand work in the field in which he afterwards became the most extensively known—we mean the operatic—was his *Idomeneo*, a work which is throughout stamped with the genius of a master. He was engaged to compose this work by the Elector of Bavaria, and it was to be performed at the next carnival at Munich. The archbishop allowed him leave of absence for a few weeks to bring out the piece. He composed it with an amazing rapidity, the most important parts having

been deferred until he knew the calibre of the singers. This was his almost universal practice. His father wrote to him—"Consider that for every dozen real connoisseurs, there are a hundred wholly ignorant; therefore, do not overlook the popular in your style of composition, nor forget to tickle the long ears." To which the son answered—"Don't be apprehensive respecting the favor of the crowd; there will be music for all sorts of people in my opera but *nothing for long ears*." And it was so. The opera was written in the highest style; and though it delighted the classical ear, it also secured the applause of the crowd. It was produced amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Never was there such a triumph. With this work, so important in its influence on music, Mozart crowned his twenty-fifth year.

We next find him at Vienna, in the train of his archbishop. He is set down at table with cooks and valets, and treated as the veriest menial. Such was the ordinary conduct of princes towards their gifted followers in those days. Poor Michael Haydn, the composer, was one day ordered by his princely employer, Esterhazy, to produce duets for the violin and viola before a certain day, and was threatened with the loss of his salary in case of failure. Haydn was at the time too ill to work, so Mozart took them in hand, completed them, and they were presented in Haydn's name. They were remarkably successful, but Mozart never claimed them. The gifted genius at length, however, revolted against the beggarly insults which his employer put upon him, and he determined to assert his independence at all hazards. He threw up his degrading office, began to take pupils at five shillings a lesson, and set up as a musical professor and composer on his own account, throwing himself upon the public for fame and support. It was, however, rather too early in the world's history for that, and Mozart endured a long struggle with poverty and difficulties. To add to them he married a wife—Constance Weber—to whom he had been long attached. Mozart was beset by the clamors of creditors, whose demands he could not satisfy, and often he was in extremity for the means of supplying his present urgent wants. The Emperor Joseph heard of this, and one day said to Mozart, "Why did you not marry a rich wife?" To which the composer, with that dignity and self-reliance which characterize all his answers to the great, immediately replied, "Sire, I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love."

In 1782, Mozart produced his fine opera, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, which proved completely successful, and put some money in his purse. In this opera he struck out so entirely new a path, that it could scarcely be

believed to have proceeded from the same pen as *Idomeneo*. He now lived in a delirium of invention, often working so hard that, as he expresses it, he scarcely knows whether his head is on or off. This led to extreme reaction, from which he sought relief in dissipation and extravagant amusements, meanwhile composing masses, concertos, and operas, almost without number. His holidays were days of jovial abandonment, in which he jested and played the harlequin, danced and sang, drank and revelled, to his own serious after cost. Had Mozart been contented to settle quietly down in Vienna as a music teacher, he might have avoided these penalties; but then we should have lost the fruits of his magnificent genius. Let us be content, and deal gently with the errors and vagaries of the great composer. Mozart, in his fits of composition, lived in a state of the most feverish anxiety, and in his later years, when his constitution was less able to answer the demands made upon it by the irregularity of his life, it was no unusual thing for him to faint at his desk.

Mozart's next great works were, his *Figaro*, which was produced at Vienna in 1786, but proved so unremunerative to the author, and was so discouraging to him in all respects, that he resolved never more to produce an opera at Vienna; his *Symphony in D*—a great work, well known in England; and his famous *Quartets in C major and D minor*. His *Figaro*, which had fallen comparatively flat on the ears of the *cognoscenti* of Vienna, excited such extraordinary enthusiasm at Prague, where it was next produced, that Mozart was encouraged to proceed with the composition of another opera, his equally celebrated *Don Giovanni*, which was produced at the same city in 1787, with immense *éclat*. It is cited as an extraordinary instance of the wonderful power of Mozart in composition, that the fine overture to the opera was not in existence on the night previous to the production of the piece. It was only commenced about midnight, and with the aid of strong punch it was written out by the morning. The copyists had it in hand up to the hour at which the opera was to commence, and the sheets were placed before the musicians in the orchestra while the ink was still damp. The overture, as well as the opera itself, proved completely successful. But Mozart only received about one hundred ducats for this great work.

The Emperor of Austria, in order to draw Mozart, — whose fame was now so great — back to Vienna, offered him the post of Chamber Composer to the Court, at the magnificent salary of £66 per annum, which Mozart was glad to accept! Such was the low rate of remuneration paid to the greatest of musical geniuses in those days. In this office he composed multitudes of minuets, waltzes, and

country-dance tunes — most of them insignificant, but done "to order." About the same time he produced some of his grandest symphonies; as, for instance, the *Jupiter*, showing that his hand still retained its cunning, and his mind its power. Yet these grander compositions of his were altogether unappreciated by the public of his day. They were considered quite *outré* and extravagant, at variance with all the established laws of music. Mozart was, indeed, far before his age, and it took nearly half a century before the world came up to where he had left off. The music publishers' shops were closed to him, and they refused to accept his compositions unless he would write them in a *popular* style. To such an appeal, he once answered, with unusual bitterness — "Then I can make no more by my pen, and I had better starve and go to destruction at once." He began to think of death, and to long for it. His thoughts became desperate, and his habits reckless. Any change of scene was welcome to him, and he indulged in the wildest vagaries. His income became more irregular in consequence, but he did not cease his dissipations; and his life threatened to become a wreck. Overworked and ill-rewarded, he sought to throw off the care of vulgar existence by resorting to balls, masquerades, and dancing parties of all sorts. He composed pantomimes and ballets, and danced in them himself. At the carnival balls he generally assumed the character of Harlequin or Pierrot, in which he is said to have been incomparable. Notwithstanding this dangerous round of excitements, with which our colder northern notions cannot sympathize, he preserved a steady attachment to his own home; and, in spite of his poverty, he was always liberal of his time and labor for the benefit of his poorer brethren in the musical profession. "Nothing," says one of his biographers, "could extinguish his compassion for the unfortunate."

Mozart paid a visit to Berlin in 1789, on which occasion the Prussian monarch was urgent that he should settle in that city, and he offered him the temptation of a good salary. But Mozart's reply was, "Can I leave my good emperor?" — the good emperor being the Austrian Francis, whose treatment of Mozart throughout, though kindly in manner, was shabby in the extreme. After his return to Vienna in the following year, he produced his comic opera, *Così fan tutte*. It could have brought him little money, or, if so, it was soon spent; for shortly after, on making a professional visit to Frankfort, his finances were reduced so low that his wife was obliged to sell the most valuable articles of her toilet to enable him to set out. Debts began to accumulate about him, and he was often thrown into fits of deep dejection on their account. Yet, even at this time, if any person called on

him with a tale of distress, he would willingly give up all the money in his purse. In worldly business, like so many other men of genius, Mozart was as helpless as a child.

During his later years his genius became so generally acknowledged throughout Germany, Holland, and France, and so many commissions for original works flowed in upon him, that he began to indulge in the prospects of competency for his family—only, alas! when too late. The last works which he composed were, the *Zauberflöte*, *Clemenza di Tito*, and the *Requiem*. It was while composing the *Zauberflöte* that his constitution began to exhibit symptoms of breaking up. During its composition, which he worked at by day and night, he sank into frequent swoons, in which he remained for some time before consciousness returned. He suspended his labors for a time, producing in the interval, at Baden, his beautiful *Aoe Verum*. The *Clemenza di Tito* was composed for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold at Prague. He composed it in eighteen days, and during the whole time he was ill, and taking medicine incessantly. The *Requiem* was also engrossing his thoughts, and he had the conviction, from the first, that he was writing it for himself. Such was the excitement its composition caused, that his wife took away the score of the *Requiem*, and he seemed to rally again. Some time after it was restored to him, and his illness came on again. His hands and feet began to swell, and the power of voluntary motion almost left him. His intellectual faculties, however, remained unimpaired, and he could not restrain his passionate exclamations as to the unprotected state in which his death would leave his wife and children. "Now must I go," he would exclaim, "just as I should be able to live in peace—now leave my art when, no longer the slave of fashion, nor the tool of speculators, I could follow the dictates of my own feeling, and write whatever my heart prompts: I must leave my family—my poor children—at the very instant in which I should have been able to provide for their welfare."

The *Requiem* lay almost constantly on his bed; and he exerted himself in explaining to certain musicians who visited him the particular effects which he wished to produce in certain passages. Once they sang the *Requiem* round the dying composer's bed, himself taking the alto part. While singing the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping, and the score was put aside. It was his last expiring effort; the light was already flickering in the socket. That night he died, the *Requiem* laid on the counterpane.

Mozart was only thirty-five when he died; yet how many great and enduring works has he left us! His funeral was arranged by

Baron von Leviçten; but it was shabby to the extent of meanness. He was laid by his royal patrons in a common grave in a common burying-ground near Vienna, and was left there without a mark upon his resting-place; and twenty years after, when an inquiry was made of the sexton as to where Mozart was buried, it was found that all traces of his grave had been lost amidst the surrounding heaps of undistinguished dead. The only monument of the great composer is his works.

From the Examiner.

SLAVES IN SCOTLAND.

Most of our readers may have heard of Peter Williamson, who, when a boy, was kidnapped in the streets of Aberdeen and sold to an American planter. Returning some years after the Rebellion of 1746, he made what we should now call a "Mr. Williamson's entertainment" out of his adventures, by telling and acting over some of the incidents of his career before town audiences. His case attracted then much public notice; he excited, in fact, a sensation; but in his young days Britons could be and were made veritably slaves in the Highlands.

Burt, the English officer who has preserved so many curious notices of the Highlands, found a fellow-countryman, an English footman, enslaved by one of these potent chiefs. He had been wiled by tempting promises from the pleasant pastures, the social happiness, and the freedom of his native land, to that grim wilderness with its dungeon and gallows—and return was hopeless. The visitor, like a prudent man, felt that he durst not interfere, and thought it unwise that he should be seen talking to the desponding Saxon, while the chief, in all his tartan glory, and with broadsword and pistols, was parading up and down, and casting around him suspicious and dreaded glances. There existed indeed, at that time, a considerable amount of practical slavery in Scotland—Lowland as well as Highland. Two classes of workmen were actually predial serfs—colliers and salt-makers; and the law authorities of the day talk of their serfdom as a necessary though unfortunate condition of the existence of society—as the impressing of seamen and American slavery have been spoken of at the present day. The powers which the law gave for the interpretation of bargains with ordinary servants, and the retention of their unwilling services, were very arbitrary and tyrannical. A lord of Regality, or the friend of such a person, could of course do what he liked in such a matter—could make the bargain and the law to suit his views and interests. The only recourse of the poor servant, like that of the slave at the present day, was in flight; and advertisements, offering rewards for the capture of runaway servants, were common in that age in Scotland.

Still the law professed to abhor abstract slavery. Towards the end of the preceding century even, the courts of law had refused to acknowledge the

right of property in the owner of "a dancing lassy;" and some proceedings in the supreme courts, soon after the Rebellion, showed a disposition to deny the claim of ownership over negroes brought to Scotland. Whatever amount of personal oppression there might be, there was no means of making money by it in traffic within Scotland. But there was a means elsewhere, and it was not overlooked by the owners of the heritable jurisdictions in turning their valuable powers to the best pecuniary account. The practice of kidnapping slaves for the plantations was extensively pursued in the northern counties. . . . The whole curse of this system had not yet been concentrated upon the black sons of Africa; and to be kidnapped and carried into slavery was one of the possible destinies of the white man—even of the inhabitant of this asylum of freedom. Our system of transportation to penal colonies had its rise in the supply of this labor market. On conviction for secondary crimes, sentence of death was commuted for self-exile to a plantation. Thus statesmen congratulated themselves on what they vainly deemed the easy solution of one of the toughest social knots—the best system of penal justice; they saw the country rid of its moral curses, while the planters obtained the compulsory labor so much desired.

The Highland lairds, with their hereditary jurisdictions, found it extremely convenient to follow the example thus set. Their authority did not enable them to transport convicts; but when the gallows was in the background, they had little difficulty in persuading those who came under their wrath, that it would be well not to be clamorous, but submit at once to the alternative of entering as "an apprentice" in one of the American plantations. Some of the Highland potentates increased their scanty income by prudently turning their judicial powers in this profitable direction. It laid however a considerable tax on the skill of the speculator, for, if not judiciously used, it might produce disagreeable consequences. The chief was the father of his own clan. He might, as representative of the aggregate voices of the clan, or at least of the soldier class who alone were listened to, be severe to any individual member. But he would find it unsafe to do anything that might excite the fears and wrath of the clan against him as a general oppressor, and a betrayer of his people into the hands of the alien. On the other hand, every man belonging to a rival clan, seized and sold, was of course an injury to be accounted for. Thus those who entered on the kidnapping business, required to be circumspect; and it is probable that the victims were generally those men of broken clans, who had no chief to stand surety for them in their difficulties, and organize them for service; and who, living by miscellaneous plunder, were the most easily caught and disposed of. . . . Perhaps mercantile men, when they discovered this new opening for enterprise, would, if they were able, have followed it up as readily as the Highland hereditary judges. Small as then was the commercial enterprise of Scotland, it was deeply stained by this criminal traffic for some years before the Rebellion; and a foul combination had sometimes been

made between the feudal landlord judges, and the corporate authorities in the seaport towns, for the kidnapping of healthy, strong young peasants, to be sent as slaves to the plantations.

Peter Williamson's case led afterwards to an investigation of the matter, and

The result of the investigation was to open a frightful view of the tyranny exercised by the upper towards the humbler classes, before the Rebellion and the extinction of those hereditary jurisdictions which conferred so much irresponsible local power. It was proved that the kidnapping system dispersed terror among the parents of healthy, likely boys, throughout wide districts round the seaports—that there were innumerable domestic legends of boys who, straying somewhat far afield, had been met by some gang of kidnappers, and were never again to be seen or heard of by the sorrowing parents, who wondered if they had been haply lost at sea, or were hoeing the sugar-cane, at the instigation of the driver's lash, beneath the blazing sun of Jamaica or Virginia.

AGRICULTURAL REVOLUTION.—Mr. Mechi predicts a complete revolution in agriculture. "The doom of the plough," he tells us, "is sealed," and "the rotatory forking or digging machine" will henceforth be the only cultivator. The following is from a letter of his to the *Times*:—

Since the trial of implements at my "gathering," I have received from one of our North American colonies the model of a newly invented machine, which, by a happy and most simple combination of horse and steam power, will—and I pledge my agricultural reputation for it—not only deeply, cheaply, and efficiently cultivate and pulverize the soil, but at the same time sow the seed and leave all in a finished condition. It will also, by a simple inversion, cut and gather the corn without any rake or other complication; while both in cultivation and harvesting its operation will be continuous and without stoppage.

The inventor and his machine have, by the government of the district, been placed under my charge and guidance. I have, therefore, on public grounds, and considering the vast importance of the invention in a national point of view, advised the inventor to grant licenses for its manufacture, at a very moderate royalty, to the most eminent agricultural implement-makers in various parts of the kingdom, so that our agriculturists may be secured by competition against monopoly or inferiority, while the inventor will benefit in proportion to the appreciation of his merits.

I may venture to state generally, that the implement when complete will weigh about 20 to 25 cwt., will require a pair of horses, and will represent the power of about 8 to 12 or more real horses.

The implement for digging will require one man and one boy only, including the management of the steam-engine; in reaping, the same, with the addition of three men to bind as the corn falls into their arms. The men will be carried on the machine.

From the Economist.

Louis XVII. His Life—His Suffering—His Death, &c. By A. DE BEAUCHESE. Translated and Edited by Wm. HAZLITT, Esq. Two Volumes. Embellished. Vizetelly and Co., Fleet street.

M. DE BEAUCHESE has quite set at rest by his researches the doubtful question, which has served as the foundation for numerous impostures, of the death of Louis XVII. in the Temple at a quarter past two P. M. of June 7, 1795, and he supplies an authentic and affecting history of his confinement and his death. That would not, however, suffice to fill two volumes; and the greater part of the book is devoted to the events of the Revolution, chiefly connected with the royal family and the execution of the king. Much new matter is brought together concerning that period, and the book is embellished with numerous plans of the Tuileries, of the towers of the Temple, the apartments of the king and queen there, with fac-similes of numerous documents and persons' writing, making this, for sympathetic and sensitive minds, a very interesting work. It will supply materials for the history of the period; but, while it appears thoroughly honest and authentic, it is more personal and more minute than comports with the dignity of history. The translation is carefully executed; and, being a very pathetic and minute narration of events in which all take an interest, the book will be widely read. We transcribe an anecdote which we do not remember to have met with before:—

A DEVOTED ABBE.

As soon as he had heard of the king's condemnation, the Abbe Benoit le Duc, the former head of the abbey of Saint Martin de Paris, had hastened to the Prince de Conti, the only prince of the blood royal then at Paris, and had asked him whether he did not intend to demand the body of Louis XVI. "I should like to do so," replied the timid prince; "but they would not grant my request, and it would only be exposing myself to no purpose." "Will you allow me," returned the Abbe le Duc, "to take this step?" "I make no objection, and I wish you may succeed; but I do not think you will."

Early on the fatal morning, the Abbe le Duc (he related these details himself) put on an old brown coat, which was sufficiently like the costume of the Jacobins, and, with a double-barrelled pistol in his pocket, left his residence. He soon learned that, in order to have the right of appearing in the street, it would be necessary to join the ranks of the armed multitude; but he was without weapons, his concealed pistol not being a permitted one. Suddenly making up his mind what to do, he sprang upon one of the citizens who were hastening to the scene, and snatched away his musket. The man from whom he had taken it was completely bewildered by the suddenness of the action; he knew not to what to attribute the

movement—rapid as lightning—nor had he time to ask its meaning. He was fain to hide his shame and provide for his personal safety by flight, for the aggressor was already far away, and had slipped among the ranks of the armed population. By means of this stratagem, justified in his opinion by the plan he had so near his heart, the Abbe le Duc moved on with the crowd to the Convention. There he left the ranks, and attempted to force his way into the hall, but found all the approaches lined with cannon. At this moment a deputy passed by, and the Abbe le Duc joining him told him he had a petition of the utmost importance to present to the Assembly. Struck with the truthful accent and decided tone of the man who thus adjured him, the deputy agreed to admit him into one of the vestibules, and took upon him to present the president with the petition, in which Le Duc demanded the body of Louis, under the law which grants this boon to the relations of the condemned. Unknown to the greater part of, if not to all, the representatives of the people, this claim of relationship with the condemned called forth much ironical laughter from the audience. However, as the demand was of a serious nature, the Assembly heard it to the end, and were thus informed that Benoit le Duc demanded the remains of Louis, in order to lay them in the cathedral church of Sens, beside those of his father, the great Dauphin. While two deputies were speaking against this petition, and causing it to be rejected, some others, attracted into the vestibule by the singularity of the petitioner's claims of relationship, were carrying on a conversation with him, which closed with a threat of putting him under arrest.

"Do not think of it," said the Abbe le Duc to the most violent of the deputies; "I have here a double-barrelled pistol. If you say one word, the first shot will be for you, and I shall rid the earth of a monster; the second for myself and I shall thus escape the scaffold!" The confusion produced by this scene, and the universal agitation of the moment, gave the Abbe le Duc an opportunity to retire.

The Abbe le Duc retired to an estate near the Chateau Thierry, where he was arrested and put in prison for having demanded the body of Louis Capet. Being transferred to Soissons, he was carried thence by the commissary of the executive power and brought to the prisons of Paris, 25th December, 1793, where he remained until the death of Robespierre. His name was on the list of those who were to have perished on the 10th Thermidor.

ASSYRIAN SOCIETY.

THE popularity which has attended the antiquarian discoveries of Mr. Layard and Colonel Rawlinson has been sufficient to set on foot a special "*Society for Exploring the Ruins of Assyria and Babylonia*; with especial Reference to Biblical Illustration." Its prospectus asserts that "it is all but certain that the rich discoveries already made by M. Botta and Mr. Layard bear no proportion to the treasures that still lie undetected in the earth. The results, however, have—

been of so extraordinary a nature that it would be matter of deep regret and of national reproach if further excavations on the part of England were now altogether abandoned. Since the publication of Mr. Layard's second work, remains have been found of a much earlier period than any previously taken from the Assyrian mounds. From an inscription interpreted by Dr. Hincks, it would even seem that temples existed of the nineteenth or twentieth century before Christ, ascending almost to the earliest known Egyptian period. The annals of those Assyrian kings who are mentioned in Scripture, and who were closely connected with the Jewish people, have not yet been fully completed, and the chronicles of the wars with Samaria and of the destruction of that city are, as yet, not entire, although reference to them has been met with on several fragments. It is believed that diligent research will speedily supply the missing information.

Besides the ruins of Assyria enormous remains exist in Babylonia which have been scarcely visited by Europeans, and which there is every reason to conclude contain objects of the very highest interest. Owing to the overflowing of the banks of the Euphrates, vast marshes are now forming in South Mesopotamia, which threaten ere long to destroy many of the remains entirely. Some indeed are already under water and inaccessible; but others are still 'ree, and will, undoubtedly, upon examination, furnish relics of the first importance. Captain Jones, who, as Surveyor-General of Mesopotamia, and commander of the steamer on the Euphrates and Tigris, has passed the last thirteen years in these regions, and who, within these few weeks, has returned to this country, distinctly states that funds only are wanting to obtain from South Babylonia or Lower Chaldea, the most remarkable additions to the knowledge we now possess of the earliest recorded history of the world.

"The Society is formed with the view of raising a fund for the immediate prosecution of the work indicated. The staff for carrying forward excavations already exists; and an expedition will at once proceed to Assyria to carry forward the necessary operations. A photographer will accompany the expedition, and will take copies of all objects of interest discovered. In England facsimiles of the drawings and inscriptions will be issued as often as they come to hand, together with explanatory letter-press, the publication of which Mr. Layard has kindly undertaken to superintend. It will be less the object of the expedition to obtain bulky sculptures than to collect materials for completing the history of Assyria and Babylonia, especially as connected with Scripture. These materials consist chiefly of inscribed tablets in stone and in clay, bronzes, bricks and sculptured monuments of various kinds, all illustrating the remarkable advancement of that ancient civilization. It is confidently believed that the whole history of Assyria may be restored to a very early period, and that discoveries of the most important character will be made in connection with the literature and science of the Assyrian people."

His Royal Highness Prince Albert honors the Society with his countenance and approval, and

heads the subscriptions with a donation of one hundred pounds. It is presumed that the sum of 10,000*l.* will be required to commence operations at once in various parts of Mesopotamia, and to sustain necessary activity during a period of three years. But as it is of the utmost consequence to proceed with the greatest vigor during the first twelve-month, it is calculated that up to August, 1854, 5000*l.* of the sum named might be expended. In addition to the donations, it is intended to raise annual subscriptions of a guinea each, the payment of which shall entitle the subscriber to the reports and memoirs issued by the Society. The undertaking being regarded as a continuation of the researches already commenced by the British Museum, it is determined that the monuments shall ultimately become the property of the nation.

At the cosmopolitan exhibition of pictures in Lichfield House in 1851, there was a picture to which a painful story attaches, and which we relate as it has come to us. The painting was one of considerable size, representing John the Baptist preaching, executed at Rome by M. Haberzettel. It attracted much admiration, and the Pope offered to buy it for a considerable sum. M. Haberzettel, proud of his performance, felt bound to reserve it for his own sovereign; and he carried it to St. Petersburg for that purpose. He was preceded by tales, how, under pretence of loyalty, he meant to make a better market for his picture; and the emperor received him with such marked slight that he was driven from the court. He came to England; was patted on the back by several friends, Russians included, while he had money in his pocket; but when he had expended that, the man who was under the frowns both of autocrat and fortune was left by his friends. He still worked at his art, and was laboring to complete a very large lithograph of his picture, but poverty hindered him. At length he obtained a small advance, and it is probable that the joy at that circumstance was the cause of his sudden death. He has left a widow destitute of means or of help from her own countrymen; crippled even in the endeavor to procure the completion of that lithograph which her husband had nearly finished, and which would be remarkable as a work of art, even if these collateral circumstances did not call for a special attention to a case in which the bereaved and helpless companion of a meritorious artist finds herself, in a foreign land, threatened with the last extreme.

THE tenth edition of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" is the handsomest that we have seen; type, paper, general appearance, are unexceptionable; and if wood-cut illustrations are not altogether new, they are more numerous than heretofore. The book has been revised by a scientific friend; "proofs, illustrations, authorities, &c.," are added in an appendix; and a new preface takes a brief review of the origin and reception of the work. It appears that the author is "a private person with limited opportunities of study." — *Spectator*.

From the Examiner.

My Home in Tasmania, during a Residence of Nine Years. By MRS. CHARLES MEREDITH. Two vols. Murray.

MRS. MEREDITH, whose very agreeable sketches of New South Wales the public has not yet forgotten, narrates now her experiences in Van Diemen's Land. A story of colonial life could scarcely be told more delightfully. In a simple narrative of domestic incidents—the changes of residence, the journeys, the home occupations and the social intercourse of a settler's wife in Tasmania, find here a recorder full of the nicest feminine tact and most pleasant and shrewd perceptions. Mrs. Meredith has tastes, moreover, the expression of which gives to these volumes a charm independent of their truthfulness and their good-humor. A cultivated love of nature has made her a student and observer among flowers, birds, and other of the world's good gifts, whereupon she loves to discourse, not rhapsodically, but with understanding. Free alike from the dulness of the technically scientific, and the vagueness of such ideas as are called popular or general, her chapters and paragraphs devoted to the birds, beasts, and fishes of Tasmania, are as useful as they are charming. She writes of them lovingly and cheerfully, yet with exactitude. Then she is in good humor with everything, and has no lamentations to confide. During the nine years here chronicled Mr. and Mrs. Meredith several times transferred their household from one part of Tasmania to another. Everywhere we find the proper woman settling down within walls however comfortless, taking them as home and making homes of them. When on one occasion farming operations failed extensively in Tasmania, and a farming home was broken up and exchanged for the post of police magistrate in a distant part of the island, altogether new to them, the residence provided for Mr. Meredith proved to be peculiarly comfortless. But it was not lamented over. It was dubbed immediately "Lath Hall," and the best was made of it.

Here is a pleasant little sketch of character taken on board the vessel bound from Sydney to Tasmania:—

In condemning the idleness of the crew and servants on board, I must make one memorable exception. There was a smart, active, good-natured boy, about ten or twelve years old, who, if ever ubiquity fell to the lot of mortal form, possessed that property; he was everywhere, doing everything for everybody, and apparently in at least three places at the same time:—

"Dick! take Mr. Smith some hot water."

"Dick! Mr. Jones wants his coat brushed."

"Dick! bring a light in the cabin."

"Dick! go and swab the deck."

"Dick! peel them 'taters for cook."

"Dick! you lazy scoundrel—steward says you've not cleaned his knives."

"Dick! go and water the sheep" (a whole flock formed part of the cargo).

"Dick! go and help reef topsails."

"Dick! feed the geese."

"Dick! take these bones to my dog," &c., &c., &c.

The cry of Dick—Dick—Dick—resounded all day long, and poor Dick seemed really to execute all the multifarious orders given him, with the most unflinching alacrity and good-humor. One day Mr. Meredith inquired of the owner, if the ubiquitous Dick was an apprentice in the ship. "Why, no," drawled forth the broad, burly personage addressed; and then he added, with a slow smile overspreading and widening his ample countenance—"No—he ain't a 'prentice, he's a nery o' mine as come aboard for a holiday!"

Alas! for poor relations!

I began to make a "rule-of-three" statement of the question—if, in a cruise for a holiday, Dick has harder work and rougher usage than any other creature on board, required the amount of Dick's sufferings at school?—but my heart failed me—I could not work the sum; and I comfort myself in the thought that whatever vagrant propensities might attack Dick in subsequent holidays, he would not be likely to indulge them by a voyage with his uncle.

Of the climate and scenery of Van Diemen's Land Mrs. Meredith reports cheerfully. The following description refers to the neighborhood of Hobart:—

The scenery around Newtown is the most beautiful I have seen on this side the world—very much resembling that of the Cumberland Lakes; the broad and winding estuary of the Derwent flows between lofty and picturesque hills and mountains, clothed with forests, whilst at their feet lie level, lawn-like flats, green to the water's edge. But the most English, and therefore the most beautiful, things I saw here were the hawthorn hedges; those of sweet-briar, which are, I think, more general, did not please me half so well, not having so much of common country home life about them.

It seemed like being on the right side of the earth again, to see rosy children with boughs of flowering "May," and to feel its full, luscious perfume waft across me. Let no one who has always lived at home, enjoying unnoticed the year's bounty of rainbow-tinted blossoms, fancy he knows the full value of English flowers, or the love that the heart can bear for them. I thought I always held them in as fond admiration as any one could do, but my delight in these hawthorn hedges proved to me how much my regard had strengthened in absence; and as I recalled to mind the wide brown deserts I had lately left, with their miles of "post and rail," or more hideous "log" and "deadwood" fences, and then took an imaginary glance over the green hawthorn hedges and elm-shaded lanes of my own beautiful native land, I heartily wished that all dwellers in her pleasant country places could only know and feel what a paradise they inhabit!

I am often glad that I spent the first year of

my antipodean life in New South Wales, for now many things, which I should not have observed had I arrived here in the first instance, are sources of great delight to me, as being so much more English than in the larger colony, and I could fancy myself some degrees nearer home.

In the Tasmanian gardens are mulberries, cherries, currants, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, apples, pears, quinces, medlars, plums of all kinds, and peaches in abundance, growing well and luxuriantly. Our forest trees, too, thrive admirably here, and walnuts, filberts, and hazelnuts are becoming much more common. Vines also succeed in sheltered aspects, but not better than in many parts of England; the summer-frosts to which this climate is liable frequently cut off plants which in Britain can be grown with certainty. Even potatoes are, in some districts, considered a very precarious crop from this circumstance, and, except in situations near the seashore, are often nipped by the frosts at night, although the weather in the day-time is as warm as in an English June.

We must not omit, however, to add a hint of the shadows that belong to so much light.

I have not yet alluded to one of the most constant and unpleasant pests to which these colonies are subject, namely, the great, brown, disgusting buzz-flies, which continue to torment us all the year round, and in summer swarm most offensively and destructively. Our old English blue-bottle fly is, it is most true, a very noisy fellow, and seems fond of dissipated company, in butcher's shops, &c., and in summer sometimes greatly disturbs one's lonely reverie, by testing the hardness and reverberatory powers of our ceilings and windows in his riotous, bumping flight about a room. But here his brown, ill-looking relatives are not content, like him, with a summer reign—they bump about us the twelve months through, and in numbers incalculable. Now, as I write, some forty or fifty are careering through the room, knocking up against the windows, and buzzing most abominably; whilst the difficulty of excluding them from the larder, and the destruction they occasion in it are two important items in the catalogue of colonial household plagues. The small house-fly is here, as elsewhere, very troublesome too; but though these swarms in immense numbers during the summer months, they are more endurable than the "brown buzzes."

A new kind of small fly has appeared in Van Diemen's Land within the last few years, which is generally known as the "Port Philip fly," and supposed to have been brought from thence. It closely resembles the common house-fly; but, instead of the outspreading sucker-proboscis of the latter, its head is furnished with a tapering black tube, the narrow end of which it inserts, with a sharp, piercing bite, into the skin of men or animals, and commences sucking the blood most actively, often leaving a drop on the surface of the skin. To horses it is a terrible torment, and seems chiefly to abound in the vicinity of the stables and straw-yards.

One of the insects which I most dreaded was

the "wood-tick," an unpleasant-looking creature, very much resembling those which infest sheep, but possessing a great *penchant* for a residence under the human skin, into and beneath which it eats its way until nearly hidden from sight, without any pain to the person attacked for the first several hours, so that it often escapes notice until the intolerable aching of a large portion of the body surrounding it leads to the detection of the insect, which must then be pulled or cut out. These ticks live among wood, and are sometimes brought into the house with the fuel. I have frequently seen them on my dress or habit, when walking or riding in the "Bush," and have on two occasions been bitten; once on the throat by a small one which had been several hours at work; it had buried its head entirely, and required a strong pull with tweezers before it could be extracted, the creature being as hard as bone, and very toughly jointed. I felt very little pain afterwards on this occasion; but the second of the insidious little miners, which also attacked me on the neck, was a much larger specimen, and it had begun to cause a most distressing ache in my shoulder, neck, and arm, which I attributed to rheumatism, until, on passing my hand over my dress, I detected its round, hard body, which was too firmly attached for me to pull it away myself. After it was removed, I suffered great pain and numbness in the arm and shoulder for several days.

Of the convicts in the colony Mrs. Meredith reports in very strong opposition to the black things that have been said in England of their conduct. They make on the whole good servants, and commonly remain long in their situations; while bolts, and bars, and locks to doors, are infinitely less necessary and less used in Tasmania than in England. The female convicts are the least reclaimable.

Prisoner women servants are generally of a far lower grade than the men, and at the time of which I now write, Mrs. Bowden had not begun her admirable reformatory work among them. My first prisoner nurse-girl was taken at random by our agent in Hobarton, from among the herd of incorrigibles in the female house of correction, or "Factory," as it is termed; and was indeed a notable example;—*dirty*, beyond all imagining! she drank rum, smoked tobacco, swore awfully, and was in all respects the lowest specimen of womankind I ever had the sorrow to behold. Before I had time to procure another, she drank herself into violent fits, so that four men could not hold her from knocking herself against the walls and floor, then went to the hospital, and, finally, got married!

Of the Tasmania squires and their ladies Mrs. Meredith gives many sketches. Here is one:—

One of our neighboring "esquires" one day asked Mr. Meredith what he called the horse he was then riding. He replied, "O, this is Touchstone, and that," pointing to mine, "'t is Audrey."

"Ah!" rejoined the querist thoughtfully—"Yes, I see; Touchstone—O, yes, he *does* touch the stones, to be sure, but still I think Top-log would have been better, for he's a rare one to leap!"

Our unlucky *penchant* for classical or Shakspearian names for favorite horses or dogs often led to a similar display of incorrigible innocence in our acquaintance, very few of our Port Sorell friends being literary characters. A lady, whilst looking over a scrap-book with which I had essayed to amuse her during part of a dreary visit, appealed to me for some explanation of one of Liversege's exquisite Shakspeare scenes which passed her comprehension, and I began trying to remind her of the situation it represented, by a rough sketch of the well-known characters and locality of the play; but she wofully checked my valuable illustrations by exclaiming, "O, no, indeed, I don't remember anything about it; I never read Shakspeare, I never could."

Shortly afterwards, some local matter became the topic of conversation, and, thinking that was perhaps a more congenial theme, I addressed a commonplace remark to my fair guest as to her opinion of the affair; but was again repulsed and reproved by "I don't know, indeed, I never trouble my head reading newspapers; I've something else to do." The very truth being, as I opine, that such heads pass through life in the enjoyment of almost absolute sinecures.

Of fashion among stock-keepers this is a pleasant hint:—

The stock-keepers seem a perfectly distinct class in point of dress, a subject which I conceive costs them some pains, from the ingenious incongruities often displayed; all evidently aiming at something dashing, and of rather a sporting cast. We have often wondered where such oddly-cut and thoroughly queer-looking coats, hats, and other garments were procured, until a little circumstance which occurred lately threw some light on the interesting subject. Mr. Meredith was one day in a Jew slop-seller's shop in Launceston, making some purchases for our servants, when a laboring man came in, and desired to see some black hats. Immediately the counter displayed a selection of the most unaccountable shapes, chiefly very tall, and with scarcely any brims; but as even those were deemed too broad by the customer, he went away in search of narrower ones, the shopman remarking, "O, I see you are quite a dandy! you want to be too flash altogether."

And in reply to Mr. Meredith's inquiries, he said that they were obliged to keep these extraordinary articles for such men, who would buy no other, and were as fastidious and particular "as any fine lady;" whilst we, in our innocence, had commiserated them for being victimized by the shopkeepers, and having goods foisted upon them which were otherwise unsalable.

The various evidences of frivolity among the upper classes are agreeably relieved by a good many incidents that do them credit,

among which we may number, as at any rate a wholesome fancy, the "rage" for water-color painting, set at work in Hobarton by the landing of Mr. Prout on his way from New South Wales—a rage that, as the Americans would say, eventuated in the establishment, for that year at any rate, of a colonial Exhibition.

A story about the blacks ought to form one of our extracts. Mr. Meredith is teller of the story, one of a chain:—

Some time after this event, a terrible tragedy was perpetrated at Jericho, where my father had a quantity of cattle in the care of a stock-keeper named Gough, who lived in a hut with his wife and his two little girls; and a mile distant from him, an old couple named Mortimer occupied another small hut. One morning about eleven o'clock, Gough and his servant, being at home, saw old "Mother Mortimer" coming towards them as fast as she could run, and calling out to beg and beseech them to go quickly to her hut, for that the blacks had set it on fire, and she wanted Gough to save some of her little property, her husband being away from home. Gough and the man took their guns and ran off on their charitable errand, whilst the old woman stayed with Mrs. Gough. They found Mortimer's hut totally burned to the ground, and everything destroyed, but not a single native was visible. Gough immediately feared that they had gone, or certainly would go, to his own home, and ran back again at the top of his speed; but too late to save his unhappy family from the brutal blacks. The first object that met his sight was the body of his young wife, pierced with many spears, and her brains knocked out. A little beyond lay the old woman Mortimer, her head cloven in two with an axe. Near the hut he found his eldest girl, her head beaten to pieces; and near her the youngest, stunned with blows on the head, and otherwise dreadfully hurt, but still alive and moaning. As usual, the natives had vanished.

The poor little girl who recovered said that her father was only just out of sight when the natives came, proving the truth of Gough's suspicions that the attack on Mortimer's hut was a mere ruse to secure his absence from his own, which they could then plunder at their ease, and probably the main body was concealed round his hut, only awaiting his departure to begin the attack. The terrified women had shut themselves and the children in the hut, and the blacks threw spears at them through the windows (the panes of glass in which were pierced with round holes, as if balls had been fired through them). The natives then came down the chimney, and old Nancy Mortimer struck at their legs with the axe, while Mrs. Gough tried to escape by the door, but they were then directly murdered. The hut was stripped of all the stores.

One of the most singular incidents in colonial history was the removal of those savages from Van Diemen's Land by a single man, after

twenty-seven thousand pounds had been spent to no purpose in a war against them :—

A person named Robinson, a bricklayer by trade but an active and intelligent man, undertook and performed the singular service of bringing every aboriginal man, woman, and child, quietly, peaceably, and willingly into Hobarton, whence they were shipped to Flinder's Island, which is between forty and fifty miles in length, twelve to eighteen in width, and abounding with smaller species of kangaroo, &c. ; the coasts are plentifully supplied with fish, and in addition to this abundance of their natural food, the natives are provided at the expense of the colony with dwellings, ample rations of flour and meat, bedding, clothes, garden implements, seeds, fishing-tackle, and all things which could be necessary for their present improved condition ; besides medical attendance, and the means of careful and judicious instruction in all things fitting or possible for them to learn.

From the time of Mr. Robinson's extraordinary capture, or rather persuasion of the natives to follow him, a complete change took place in the island ; the remote stock stations were again resorted to, and guns were no longer carried between the handles of the plough. The means of persuasion employed by Mr. Robinson to induce the natives to submit to his guidance have ever been a mystery to me. He went into the bush unarmed, and, accompanied by an aboriginal woman, his sole companion, met the different tribes, and used such arguments with them as sufficed at length to achieve his object, after having occupied many months in its pursuit. He received some reward from the local government, although not nearly adequate to the merits of his service. He alone, unassisted in any way, accomplished what Colonel Arthur, with the aid of the military and all the male population of the island, with an expenditure of 27,000*l.*, had failed to do.

We cannot at once leave off quoting out of a book from which we have received so much pleasure and instruction, but we will content ourselves—we really hope that we shall not content our readers—with one extract more.

A WAYSIDE INN.

The clever bed which Goldsmith celebrates as contriving

A double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,

had a perfect sinecure compared with the little oblong table of our miniature apartment, which, after officiating first in the menial capacity of a wash-hand-stand, and then as a toilet, was enabled, by the aid of a clean white cloth, to figure as a remarkably compact dining-table for three—the bed, in the character of a sideboard, sharing its somewhat crowded honors ; and, after well sustaining the dignity of a "festal board," this accommodating piece of furniture once more subsided into a toilet and wash-hand-

stand, previously to its being finally "made up" for the night with cloaks and shawls as a bed for the baby !

The landlord of our inn had been many years in the neighborhood, and narrowly escaped being one of the victims in the first murderous attack made here by the aborigines on the settlers ; but more of this anon. Both he and his wife had long known, our family, and were most attentive and obliging. The good woman persisted in loading our little table with plate after plate, heaped up with every description of eatable she could cook, declaring, in spite of all my remonstrances, that she *knew* we must be famished :—toast, mutton-chops, eggs, and fried ham, followed each other in quick succession, in company with a mighty teapot, steaming and fragrant, and a comely mountain of home-baked bread, with English bottled ale and other anti-teetotal beverages. Our repast was, as usual on such occasions, a conglomeration of dinner, tea, and supper, and in this instance comprised a display of enough food for at least three sets of such meals.

On taking an out-of-doors survey of our quarters the following morning, I found that the cottage was built in a somewhat singular fashion, a portion of it being continued over a sudden slope in the bank, at the same level as the other parts and merely supported on thick, rough, upright posts, giving the whole building the appearance of leaning on its elbows to look into the river below. It was also old enough to have acquired a nice yellow color, with patches of moss and creeping plants about it ; and some gay bits of curtain, or an old gown, that fluttered at the casement window, helped out the picturesque so well, that the group of sturdy rosy children beside it made up a sort of living "Gainsborough," quite refreshing to contemplate. A garden, not very neatly kept, but apparently tolerably productive, lay between the cottage and the river.

We should add that these volumes are illustrated with pictures taken not only by the pen, but also by the pencil of its accomplished authoress, and that a few sketches on a larger scale by the Bishop of Tasmania add to their attractions. Mrs. Meredith's picture of "Porcupines" will surprise and amuse as well as edify those who take their notion of the habits of those animals from a porcupine's appearance in his cage at Regent's Park.

STRIKES TO BE LAUDED.—We are glad to see that the needlewomen have at last struck, and we wish another class of the overworked and underpaid would follow their example, the working clergy. Such a course would not be uncanonical. A bishop, to be sure, is required to be "no striker," nor has he occasion to be one with his thousands a year ; but the case is very different with the curate who has only twenty pounds. — *Punch*.

PART X. — CHAPTER XLVII.

"You seem so much better to-day," said Mr. Payne next morning to Mr. Levitt, "that I think I shall leave you alone with the captain, and go down to Larches, where I have not paid my customary visit for a couple of weeks past."

"By all means," said the invalid; "I should like to go with you if I could. I've a little curiosity to see that young lady of yours" (which Mr. Payne knew to signify that his friend felt a warm interest in Orelia, though he had never seen her since she was a child). "She's handsome, you say?"

"Really," said Mr. Payne, "making due deduction for a parent's partiality, I should say you would n't often see a finer young woman."

"And accomplished too!—and high-spirited. Payne, do you know, I wish you'd take Durham down with you." I'm quite well enough to do without anybody now."

"To be sure," said Mr. Payne; "if you think you can spare him, I shall be delighted. 'Twill do Orelia good, too, for she, and a friend of hers, who is staying with her, seem to me to be falling into a sort of religious melancholy; and, to tell you the truth, it has caused me a good deal of anxiety."

"And if—the two should take a fancy to each other—Payne, I need n't say that my heir would lose nothing in my estimation with your daughter for a wife. I once indulged in some little castle-building of that kind, of which Durham was not the hero."

"Ah, we won't speak of that now, my dear friend," said Mr. Payne hastily. "I'll go at once, and ask the captain to join me."

Accordingly he went off to propose the visit to Durham.

"It need n't be dull for you," said Mr. Payne, "even if you should n't succeed in finding Langley. Besides my daughter there's a friend of hers, a very charming person, whom I think you must know—Lady Lee."

Fane answered shortly and stiffly that he had that pleasure.

"Come," said Mr. Payne, "this is fortunate. We'll start after lunch, and get down to Larches by dinner-time. Frewenham is just fifty miles from here."

Fane agreed. Since finding out that Orelia lived near Frewenham, he divined at once why Langley's steps should be drawn in that direction, and made sure of finding him there. Accordingly, after lunch, they set off, and repaired in Mr. Levitt's carriage to the railway, which took them the greater part of their journey.

Fane was but a silent companion. He was about, then, to see Lady Lee again—to be under the same roof with her; that was the

text on which his thoughts discoursed. Was it not foolhardy to run into the dangerous proximity!—to expose himself to the influence of charms which could never be his! On the other hand, would it not be mere weakness to avoid it! Why should he permit his movements to be governed, his feelings played upon, by a woman who had preferred another to him!—who was probably awaiting but the expiration of her period of mourning to be the wife of another—of a man he despised. Besides, he had some curiosity to see how she would receive and treat him. Yes, that was it! Curiosity was the feeling that made him wish to see her again.

And Fane, though as sensible a fellow as you would be likely to meet, and by no means given to self-deception, really persuaded himself that his anxiety once more to behold Lady Lee proceeded entirely from curiosity. If he had a lurking doubt about that, there were plenty of other plausible reasons to satisfy his conscience; for, even admitting curiosity to be too trivial a feeling to cause him to accept Mr. Payne's invitation, yet how could he help accompanying him! Mr. Payne was such an old friend of his uncle's—and his uncle wished it too; and then he should be glad to see Orelia again—he had a great regard for Orelia! Above all, there was the prospect of securing his cousin Langley—O, there were reasons enough why he should be anxious and eager for the termination of the journey, quite independent of the prospect of seeing Lady Lee. Moreover, there was nothing he despised so much as a man who would give a second thought to a woman after he had ascertained that she did n't care for him.

Did n't care for him!—here he left arguing, and branched off into recollections—such as he had a thousand times before banished, and resolved to have done with forever. Was her treatment of him, at one time, that of a woman who did n't care for him? Was she a likely person to be guilty of setting traps for a man just to feed her vanity? Was n't she the reverse of everything hollow, trifling, and insincere! These questions resulted in the satisfactory and novel general axiom that women were unaccountable beings, and as changeable as the moon.

They had quitted the railway at Frewenham, and Fane stood at the door of the principal hotel, awaiting the harnessing of a horse to the gig which was to convey them to Larches (which operation Mr. Payne was superintending), when he felt a hand laid gently on his arm, and a voice said, "Bless me, Captain Fane, is that you! Who'd have thought it!"

Fane turned and beheld Miss Fillett. Kitty was dressed in sober-colored and sober-cut garments, very different from the coquettish

array in which she had been accustomed, when Fane last saw her, to go flirting about the precincts of the Heronry. Her very face seemed to have lost its pert expression; at least, if not quite lost, it was driven to lurk in the corners of her mouth and eyes. Beside her walked a youth of about fourteen, in whose features might be traced a strong family likeness to Kitty.

"How d'ye do, Kitty! You've come here with your lady, have you?" said Fane.

"This is my nittive place," answered Miss Fillett. "I'm living with my own family, though I do see my lady and Miss Payne from time to time. My lady took me from here when she married. This is my brother, captain," looking at the youth at her side. "Go on, Thomas," she said to this relative, "and wait for me at the meeting-house door; and mind you have nothing to say to them depraved boys that's always playing marbles there."

Thomas departed. "Why, goodness gracious, captain, what bekim of you that time you left us so suddin!" said Kitty, coming close up to Fane, and speaking in a low, earnest tone. "There was certain persons fretted after you I can tell you."

Fane felt his color rise in spite of himself. "I suspect you're mistaken, Kitty," he said, affecting to laugh.

"To go off in that hasty way, without so much as saying good-by," Kitty went on, "and when there was persins, perhaps, wishing to see you, if 't was only to bid farewell — 't was n't quite the thing, captain."

"Perhaps not, Kitty," said the captain, "but we can't always do what we wish, you know."

"No," said Kitty, "Hevin knows we can't — in particular, when our wish is to do what is right. I've wanted to see you this long time, Captain Fane, about a matter in which I've took blame to myself. Ever since the loss of dear Master Juley, which my lady never will forgive me, though I'd have laid down my life for him, Hevin knows, captain, my conscience has pricked me" —

Kitty stopt suddenly as she looked up the street. Fane's eyes following the direction of hers, he beheld a man in black advancing on the opposite side of the way. His face hung down over his white neckcloth; so that, in order to look round him, his eyes, which were of a leaden color, were forced to peer in a stealthy stare from under his thick black eyebrows. His depressed nose, and his advancing lips, rounding smugly and smilingly over the teeth, gave him some resemblance to a sheep or goat.

"'Tis the Rev. Mr. Fallalove," said Kitty, "the minister of our chapel. O, what will he think of me talking to you, sir. I'll meet you, sir," added Kitty, in a rapid under-tone,

"outside the town, on the road to Larches, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I've really got something to tell you, sir — something you'd give a good deal, perhaps, to know." Fane promised to come — and Kitty, dropping a demure curtsy, walked away to greet the Rev. Mr. Fallalove; while Mr. Payne appearing with the gig, he and Fane drove off to Larches.

"Go on and announce yourself, while I take my coat off," said Mr. Payne to Fane, standing in the lobby at Larches — "through the drawing-room's your way."

Fane advanced — the door of the dining-room was open, and he paused, looking at its occupants, who, taking his step for that of a servant, did not look towards him.

Orelia, the queenly Orelia, seated at the head of the table, was eating her soup with her usual lofty composure. She was worth more attention than Fane bestowed on her, for his gaze never rested on her, nor on the martyr Priscilla, whose face was swathed up like a mummy's, but who smiled, nevertheless, in spite of her teeth. He was altogether absorbed in the contemplation of Lady Lee, who sat at the foot of the table, her soup untouched, her cheek resting on her hand, her look turned aside towards a small foot which peeped from beneath her black dress.

How long he might have so stood is uncertain; but Mr. Payne's advancing step and voice now caused them all to look up, and they saw Fane standing in the doorway. Lady Lee visibly started; her bosom and shoulders gave one quick heave, and her color flushed up for a moment. Orelia's spoon stopped on its way to her mouth — she calmly laid it down, and rose to receive her visitors.

Fane, acting up to his principle that it would be mere weakness to allow himself to show any feeling beyond strict civility towards her ladyship, rather, as is customary in such cases, overdid his part, and threw such an extreme amount of indifference into his salutation, that the warmth with which she came forward to meet him was dissipated in a moment. Chilled and hurt, she resumed her seat in silence.

Fane, supporting his character of chance and uninterested visitor with great success, conversed fluently on a variety of topics, though it would have puzzled him to remember his own remarks half an hour after. It was one of the few occasions in his life when he had acted a part, and he, of course, overacted it. He was pointedly amusing to Orelia; he listened with great attention to the inanities of Priscilla, lending the most courteous ear to a protracted account of her toothache; but when Lady Lee spoke, which only happened once or twice, though her voice made his heart beat, he manifested no consciousness of her presence. Once or twice, addressing some

trivial remark to her, he caught her eyes fixed on him with a look of sorrowful surprise, but they were immediately averted.

Mr. Payne did not find Fane more sociable, when the ladies left them to their wine, than he had on the journey. At tea with the ladies he resumed his former demeanor; and afterwards Orelia, thinking to do him and Hester a kindness, set her father and Priscilla down to double dummy, in a remote corner, and sat by the card-table herself.

Fane felt rather awkward, and glanced at Lady Lee, who was reading. Presently he found himself approaching her — not that he would have owned himself impelled to take that course — not at all; he set it all down to civility — he could not leave her sitting there by herself, you know. But he would be very guarded; he would try to hit the line between the confidence of friends and the reserve of new acquaintances, so that his present demeanor might blend harmoniously into their ancient intimacy on the one hand, and the distant civility that was to exist between them in future, on the other.

Lady Lee did not seem so absorbed in her book as not to notice his approach; for though she did not look round, she colored a little, and tremulously turned over two leaves at once, without discovering the gap thus left in the narrative. She laid the volume down when he took a seat near and addressed her.

"This must be a pleasant place of your friend's when the flowers are in bloom," said Fane.

"Very."

"No doubt you feel quite at home here."

"Certainly; the happiest years of my life were spent here."

"I trust," said Fane, "they may soon lose the distinction of being the happiest."

"That is very unlikely," — (with a sigh.)

A pause. Strange to say, the thought that Lady Lee had no happiness immediately in store for her, did not altogether displease Fane.

"Happiness often takes us unawares," said Fane; "and," he added, "another of its peculiarities, as we all know, is to slip from us as we prepare to close our grasp on it. Most of us experience much oftener its elusive power than its pleasant surprises."

"Yours used to be a more cheerful philosophy," said Lady Lee. "I remember, in one of our last conversations, you denounced those views of life which are tinged with complaint or despondency, as unmanly and untrue."

"I suspect our philosophy comes more from without than within," he said; "and we preach hope or cynicism as we happen to be prosperous or disappointed."

"I should regret," said Lady Lee, in a low tone, "to hear that you had any real cause for such a change."

"Our opinions as to what might or might not be a real cause would possibly differ," returned Fane. "Of course, if one has bound up one's happiness in some ideal which turns out to be a delusion, there is perhaps no one to blame but one's-self. I say perhaps, because the deception may have been so complete as to excuse the credulity; but, at any rate, one must not then find fault with views of life which others, more fortunate, are justified in adhering to."

"It must be a weaker belief in good than I had fancied Captain Fane's to be, which a single error can shake," said Lady Lee.

"But if the error is so important as to upset all calculation," said Fane. "If I have been all my life — But I will not talk of myself," he said, breaking off, as he perceived how near dangerous ground he was treading.

"What is the book you are reading?"

"It has a radical fault in your eyes," said Lady Lee; "it was written by a woman."

"Ah!" said Fane. "I remember I used to think it a kind of desecration for a woman to confide her sentiments to the world; and the finer the sentiments, the more it seemed to me a pity that they should ever be blown on by the rude breath of the public. If she must write them, let her write them in her journal, or her letters to a chosen few — perhaps a chosen one; but to trot her feelings out, to show the form and paces of her mind to cold-eyed critics and gaping fools, I would as soon see the woman I loved capering in the scantiest gauze at the opera. So I used to say."

"Used to say!" said Lady Lee. "Are your opinions on this point changing too?"

"Yes," said Fane, with a good deal of unconscious bitterness in his tone — "yes; I begin to think that if a woman's sentiments do not influence her life in its chief actions, it is of no great consequence what becomes of them; let her trumpet them in the marketplace, if she likes, after the manner of a proclamation. I don't mean to say they should be always manifesting themselves in every petty action, but they should color her existence, and influence its main outlines. But if these sentiments and feelings would never have found expression at all if not in writing — if, by presenting them to the public, she is robbing her daily life of no delicate tint — then my objections to female authorship are gone; but with them is also gone some of my belief in the excellence of feminine nature."

Can he have left Doddington on some love enterprise, and been disappointed? whispered Lady Lee's heart; or can the sharpness of his tone be meant for me? A dim thought that he might be alluding to her marriage with Sir Joseph crossed her mind. Poor woman! no wonder she was puzzled; she could not see the handsome, self-complacent, coxcombical

image of Sloperton, which to Fane's fancy sat between them, like Banquo's ghost, and seemed to push him from his stool.

"Perhaps," she said presently — "perhaps you are on principle getting rid of some of the tenets of your former faith, stripping yourself, that you may be the lighter to run the race of ambition; for you never denied you were ambitious, you know."

"I never did," said Fane; "but I do now. For do but consider, Lady Lee, if my faith in my ideals has vanished, if the companionship and reflected interest which these give to a man's efforts are no longer among his prospects, where is he to look for the stimulus and reward of ambition?"

"You show a dreary picture," said Lady Lee, with an unconscious sigh; "but then ambition is a dreary thing, and does not seem, in general, to look for sympathy as its reward."

"True," said Fane; "and when I see men long past their youth joining in the contest for fame, I always ask myself where lies their inducement? — Not in love, for they have outlived it — not in friendship, for they reject it — not even in applause, for to that they seem not to listen. They seem actuated by an insane desire to climb to a barren eminence, and there die. For my own part, I could not value nor wish for fame, unless I could read it focused and reflected in —. But I will not trouble you with my abandoned aspirations and opinions; I leave them with my other theories, to some one who has not yet discovered that he is a dreamer of dreams."

Fane imagined that he had conducted the conversation so as to show perfect indifference and independence. It never occurred to him that he would not have talked thus, nor on such subjects, to a woman he did not care about.

When Lady Lee went to her room that night, Orelia followed her, and, sitting down by her side on the sofa at the foot of the bed, looked inquiringly into her eyes. Lady Lee knew what she meant, but, having nothing to say, said nothing. She only turned away and sighed; and Orelia, kissing her forehead, bid her good night.

Ah, if Fane could have afterwards seen Lady Lee whispering her sorrow to her pillow in the watches of the night, what a pebble he must have been had he not run to comfort her. But he could not see her, for there was a solid wall separating her room from the one where he strode to and fro musingly.

If it is hard for two, who would gladly give up all and everything for each other, to find inseparable obstacles interposed between them, must it not be the devil's spite for them to discover, perhaps in the next world,

that they were divided in this one by some merely imaginary bar — some difference that a word would have dissipated?

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Fane was angry with himself next morning to perceive how anxiously he looked for Lady Lee's entrance to the breakfast-room. He looked in vain, however; she breakfasted in her own room; and when the meal was finished, he set off without having seen her, to keep his appointment with Miss Fillett.

Kitty was lingering about a mile-stone when Fane came up, and, appearing in great distress lest any one should see her talking to him, she got over a stile when she saw him coming, and walked along a bypath.

Kitty's conscience had, as she said, smitten her since the loss of Julius for the share which she had taken in Bagot's schemes, and she now, as soon as Fane reached her, began, with much circumlocutory penitence, to hint at what she called her lady's parsimony for Fane — told what she knew of the colonel's design on Sloperton, and how she had helped to forward it — mentioned the circumstances which gave Bagot his power over Lady Lee — and, lastly, described the final exit which Sloperton had made in apparent discomfiture from the Heronry. She naturally took some pains to excuse her own complicity, but she might have spared them; Fane attended to, and cared for, nothing but the leading facts, which showed him how he had been imposed on; and when she stopt, he actually caught Kitty round the neck and kissed her.

"Good Heavens, captain!" said Miss Fillett, who, probably from surprise, had submitted quietly to the salute, "why, I never! ain't you ashamed! Do behave, sir!"

"Twas a kiss of pure gratitude," said Fane, "and might have been given by a hermit to a saint, Kitty. I shall always look on you as a benefactor."

"And — and — you'll speak to my lady for me, sir?" said Kitty.

"To be sure I will," said Fane, "only you must n't intrigue any more with the colonel," he added, laughing.

He was hastening off, when he suddenly remembered that he had intended to ask Kitty if she had seen anything of the dragon Onslow in Frewenham, and hurried back to put the question.

In reply, Miss Fillett dived down into her pocket, and extracting therefrom a yellow printed paper, she unfolded it, smoothed out the creases against her knee, and gave it to Fane.

It was a playbill, and announced, under the special patronage of the mayor and corporation of Frewenham, Sheridan's comedy of the Rivals for that night.

"Well, Kitty, what has this to do with

the matter?" asked Fane. Kitty pointed to the list of *dramatis personæ*.

"Sir Anthony Absolute — Mr. Caven-dish," Fane read. "Captain Absolute — Mr. Onslow." What, he's gone on the stage, then!" Fane paused to consider. He had plenty to occupy him that morning; it must have been very urgent business indeed that would keep him that morning away from Larches; he could see his cousin as well at night as now — yes; he would go to the play, see him act, and discover himself afterwards.

"I knew him the minute I set eyes on him," said Kitty, "for all he has shaved off his mustache. They say he acts beautiful — and I must own to a sinful wish to see him. But plays," added Kitty piously, "is vanity."

"Come to-night, Kitty," said Fane, dropping his purse into the pocket of her apron; "perhaps we may have occasion for a little more talk together, since you seem to know so much of what's been going on at the Heronry, and I can't spare a moment to hear it now. Come by all means, Kitty, and I'll promise you absolution," and he once more quitted her, going back at his swiftest pace to Larches; while Miss Fillett, after a short struggle with herself, determined to see Onslow act that night, let the Rev. Mr. Fallalove and Co. say what they might about it.

Fane entered the drawing-room at Larches, just as Lady Lee was going out by another door. She turned a pale, tearful face towards him, and was going to give him a distant salutation, when the slight movement was arrested, and the expression changed to one of surprise, as he hurried up and seized her hand.

"I have a long explanation to give," he said, "and then I think you will forgive me. But first let me say what has been on my mind for this long time," which he did in three words.

Lady Lee did not carry out her original intention of quitting the room; in fact, she forgot it altogether. She allowed him to lead her to a seat, and listened with deep attention. Fane had a turn for arrangement, and therefore (after the compendious preamble or overture of three words above-mentioned) he began his tale at the beginning. He told Lady Lee, with a degree of eloquence that altogether astonished himself, how he had first admired, secondly loved her; how her seemingly capricious treatment of him had caused him to alternate between hope and despair — and of his interview with Josiah; and to all this her ladyship listened with the sweetest patience, her eyes being sometimes downcast, sometimes fixed on Fane. But when he told her of the consent which Sloper-ton had procured and exhibited to him, patience gave way to indignation; her eyes,

neither downcast nor fixed on Fane, sparkled with anger, which was presently quenched in tears. This stage passed, he told of his dreary existence since, and of his efforts to forget her — of the cause of his coming to Larches, involving the episode of his cousin Langley and Orelia; and wound up his epic by swearing he was now the happiest rascal in existence, and kissing her ladyship's hand.

She, too, had a little tale to tell — of her unhappiness and anxiety — her futile attempts to account for his sudden departure and continued absence; and it is really enough to make one ashamed of one's species, and to cause one to believe in Rochefoucault, Thackeray, and other cynic philosophers, to know that Fane listened to this account of her woes with positive pleasure, and was raised to a state bordering on rapture at hearing that the night before had been passed by her in sleeplessness and tears.

They got no further than this before lunch; but Orelia, seeing at a glance how things were going, left them alone together after that meal — and the conclusion they arrived at before dinner was this, that after an interval granted to Hester's sorrow, they should be married — with Bagot's consent, if that were obtainable by purchase, or otherwise — if not, they would be married without it, and let him do his worst.

CHAPTER XLIX.

That building which in Frewenham was now devoted to the drama, bore, in general, but little resemblance to a theatre. It was a long, narrow room, enclosed by four isolated walls, and had been built by an enterprising master-mason as a speculation. It was the public room of Frewenham. Here balls took place; here lectures were delivered; here public meetings were held. It served all sorts of opposite purposes; and here — where only a few days before an enthusiastic missionary had collected plates-ful of money from the devout inhabitants of Frewenham in aid of a project for convincing the Kaffirs, by the power of moral reasoning, of the advantages of universal peace and brotherhood, and subsequently forming them into a great South African Tee-total Society — here such of the pleasure-loving portion of the townsfolk as could command the price of admission, were now assembled to witness Sheridan's comedy.

One end of this room was divided from the rest partly by a painted wooden partition, which stretched across the ceiling and down the sides, partly by a green baize curtain in the centre of it. In front of the curtain flared and smoked a row of footlights, diffusing an odor suggestive at once of train-oil and boiled mutton.

The stage being on the ground floor, there was no pit, properly so called — a row of

forms, at a few feet from the footlights, evidently represented the boxes, inasmuch as their occupants paid highest for their seats; but this was the only advantage they possessed over the pit and gallery behind them, except that the vapor of the footlights was there inhaled in greater freshness and perfection. The orchestra was raised on one side of the boxes, and consisted of a violoncello, a serpent, and two fiddles, all belonging to the county militia. The musicians were perfectly well known to the audience, which was a great comfort to those impatient persons in the gallery, who had stormed the door and rushed in about an hour and a half before the play commenced, for they were enabled to relieve their otherwise painful suspense by calling to them by name for favorite airs, and making them the subjects of many playful allusions. "Rub your elbow with the rosin, Jim," shouted a wag to the leader of the band, who was preparing his violin-bow with that substance; "there was too much rheumatism in that last tune." "Your serpent's got a hoaze, Biffin," cried another, to the performer on that wind instrument; "put him in 'ot flannel when you go home, and don't bring him out no more o' nights." "Cherry ripe!" shouted a chorus of voices. "Music, play up!" "Polly, put the kettle on!" demanded an opposition chorus — and faction ran so high between the adverse connoisseurs, that when the music struck up, nobody knew what they were playing — while the gallery with its darkness visible, and the confusion that reigned in its obscurest nooks, where the choice spirits had collected, presented the aspect of an amiable pandemonium, till the rising of the curtain produced an instantaneous calm.

Fane had entered early, and stood leaning against the wall watching the entry of the spectators, who gradually filled the house. The green baize on the seats in the boxes became invisible foot by foot, as careful fathers and matrons selected good points of view for themselves and offspring — as a young ladies' school entered in a body, and with demureness, relieved by private titters under each other's bonnets, ranged themselves in order — as gay bachelors, who had been chatting with female acquaintances at a distance, rushed to secure their places. Cheerfulness and expectation prevailed; but the person among all the audience, whose feelings Fane envied most, was a sharp-looking little boy, in a red frock with black specks on it, and a magnificent feathered hat, who came in with his papa and brothers, and, being placed on his feet in the front row, gazed round him with intense delight. Fane remembered that the last time he had been in such a place he was about that age and size, and he knew that the scene was to that little boy the most

charming spot on earth; that he had dreamt of it for two or three previous nights, at least — that the smell of the footlights was a sweet savor in his nostrils, the noise in the gallery solemn music in his ears — the whole place paradise — and that he would watch the progress of the drama with breathless interest, and most uncriticizing faith. There was an elder brother of his, too, who appeared, probably for the first time in his life, in Wellington boots and a shirt-collar, at his great pride and discomfort; and Fane guessed with considerable correctness that this youth would conceive an ardent and respectful passion for the lady who did Lydia Languish.

Presently, as the place began to fill, a stout gentleman stood up and blew his nose like a trumpet, and, after replacing his handkerchief with much ceremony in his pocket, gazed round him with great sternness and dignity. He was evidently a man of the first importance in a civic point of view — his bunch of seals was massive, his hair was brushed ferociously up from his forehead, and his shirt-collars appeared to be cutting his ears off. As the noise in the gallery increased, he lifted up his hand majestically, as if to calm the tumult; still it went on — he shook his head as if at so many noisy children, when a voice was heard to shout amid the din, "Hark to old Bribery and Corruption!" which was the nickname the stout gentleman was known by among his fellow-townsmen, in consequence of some valuable electioneering qualities — whereupon he turned away redder than ever, and stooping down, pretended to whisper to another stout gentleman, who shook his head, frowned fiercely, and said the rascals had been getting more impudent every day since the passing of the Reform Bill.

Fane saw Kitty Fillett steal in, accompanied by her young brother, and silently seat herself in the pit — a sort of purgatory, or middle state between the inferno of the gallery, and the paradise of the boxes. She seemed anxious to avoid notice, but in this she was disappointed, for she was presently recognized by some vigilant censors in the gallery. "Won't Miss Fillett ask a blessing?" cried one. "No blacksliders," shouted another. "Give her the Old Hundredth," said a third, addressing the orchestra — whereat Miss Fillett, wrapping her shawl nervously about her, looked around, sniffing in high scorn and defiance.

Presently a little bell rang, and the curtain drew up.

Fane recognized the dragoon directly Captain Absolute entered, and saw in a moment that the high encomium passed by Mr. Payne on Langley's powers as an actor was no more than just. He infused great spirit into the part, and made the points tell admirably. He was dressed in perfect taste, and looked so

handsome and high-bred, that the entire young ladies' school fell in love with him, and two teachers began to pine away from that very night; while Lydia Languish, a showy-looking girl, acted the love scenes with a degree of warmth that showed she must either be a mistress of that kind of acting, or else not acting at all. Sir Anthony, too, was remarkably well acted by an old man, the manager of the company, who called himself Mr. Cavendish. The costumes were correct, and in excellent taste; and some of the scenes were admirably painted in a style that Fane at once ascribed to Langley's pencil.

The curtain fell at the end of the last act amid great approbation. Shortly afterwards, old Mr. Cavendish made his appearance before the curtain, to announce that the Infant Roscius was about to appear as Young Norval, and to request that, however much the audience might approve his performance, they would refrain from loud applause, as that would probably put such an inexperienced performer out in his part.

Again the bell rung, and the curtain ascended creaking. After a pause Young Norval entered, clad in full Highland costume. He seemed about four or five years old, and came in with a sort of mock manliness in his gait, which at once insured him the sympathies of the female portion of the audience. In fact, Fane heard one young lady near pronounce him a "darling" before he opened his mouth, while another expressed a desire to kiss him.

The juvenile tragedian having informed the audience, in a bold lisp, that his name was Norval, and having mentioned the "*Gwampian hills*" as the place of his paternal abode, was proceeding to describe his connection with the warlike lord, when a voice in the pit was heard to exclaim, "Master Juley! O goodness gracious, Master Juley!"

Young Norval paused with an amazed air—fumbled with his dirk—looked about him for a moment, and, forgetting his heroic character, began to cry. Again the voice in the pit was heard. "Master Juley," it cried, "come to Kitty!" when the drop-scene suddenly descended, with great swiftness, and hid him from view.

A great commotion now took place in the house, especially the pit, where the fainting form of Kitty Fillett was seen passed from hand to hand on its way to the open air. Fane, on hearing her exclamation, had quitted the house, and ran round to the stage-door, which he entered. The first person he encountered was Captain Absolute, who was standing with his back towards him, but who turned instantly as Fane called out "Langley."

"You know who I am, then?" he said, advancing. "I saw you among the audience."

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"I've been following you these six weeks," said Fane, shaking his hand. "First let me see the child, and I'll speak to you afterwards." At that moment the old manager passed, making for the stage-door, with Julius kicking and struggling in his arms. Fane, laying one hand on the shoulder of the old gentleman, lifted the boy from him with the other. Julius recognized Fane at once, and, calling him by name, ceased crying.

Mr. Holmes (for the manager was no other than that venerable person) surrendered the boy at once. "Allow me to speak to you, one moment, sir," he said, drawing Fane aside by the arm. "Doubtless you intend to restore him to his friends," said Mr. Holmes, in a calm, business-like tone.

"Instantly," said Fane. "But how came he with you, when he is believed dead by his friends? You will have to account for this."

Mr. Holmes looked round, to see that no one was within earshot, and, motioning to Fane to stoop, he whispered in his ear.

"Good God!" said Fane, as Mr. Holmes ceased. "I can't believe it. And yet why not? But this may be a slander of yours, to screen yourself, and gain time to escape."

"Me!" said Mr. Holmes, shrugging his shoulders, and spreading out his palms. "I shall make no attempt to escape. My account of the matter is plain, so far as I am concerned. I was requested to take charge of the young gentleman, and accepted it. Then naturally comes the question, By whom were you requested? And whether a public answer will be satisfactory to the young gentleman's family and friends, you may judge for yourself."

"The old scoundrel is right," muttered Fane. "It cannot be kept too quiet." Then he said aloud, "This will be matter for his friends to decide on; in the mean time, I shall take him to his mother."

"One word more," said Mr. Holmes. "I have reason to believe it was intended to restore the young gentleman to his family very shortly. It was with that view, I imagine, that I received directions to proceed to this place; though I didn't know they were in this neighborhood."

Fane, still holding Julius in his arms, now went towards the door. As he passed Langley, he stopped and drew out his watch. "It is now ten," said he. "Can you, in an hour from this, meet me, Langley, at the hotel in Fore Street?" Langley assented, and Fane left the theatre.

Miss Fillett having been conveyed by charitable hands into the open air, had been forthwith surrounded by a circle of her own sex, who fanned her face, stuffed hartshorn and smelling salts up her nose, beat her hands, and adopted other established remedies for

her restoration. These had so far recovered her that, on seeing Fane emerge with Julius, she broke from the sympathetic females around her, and, snatching the young baronet, cast herself on her knees on the pavement, and squeezed him in her arms, murmuring hysterically, and shedding tears over him.

"Where is the bold villain!" said Kitty presently, looking round in search of Mr. Holmes. "It misgave me, the moment I see him, that I knew his ugly old face. Let me kin to him. I'll tear his eyes out."

A word in her ear from Fane, however, induced her to defer her vengeance for the present; and he prevailed on her to come with Julius, whom she would not let out of her clutch for an instant, to the hotel, where a conveyance might be got to convey them to Larches; and thither they accordingly repaired, attended by a considerable crowd, who had been solacing themselves by listening outside the theatre to catch stray sounds and music, and obtaining hasty glimpses of a green baize screen whenever the door was opened.

A quarter of an hour saw them speeding along in a dog-cart, Fane driving, and Fillett holding the recovered little baronet in her lap. He slept there soundly. "Dear soul!" said Fillett, looking down at him, and covering him with her shawl, "he used to be always a-bed by eight o'clock. We shan't get speech of him to-night."

They stopt at a little distance from the cottage, and a stable-boy who sat behind took the reins to hold the horse till the return of Fane, who now proceeded with Fillett and her charge to the house.

There was a light in the drawing-room, and Fane, going softly up, and standing on a flower-bed underneath, peeped in. He was very glad to see Orelia seated there reading, alone, and, returning to Fillett, he took Julius from her, and sent her in to prepare Miss Payne for the strange news of his recovery.

Fillett went, and Fane heard the murmur of their voices for a minute or two—when Orelia's grew louder—the drawing-room door opened, and forth she came in such tempestuous fashion, that it was fortunate she ran against nobody in the passage. Seeing Julius asleep in Fane's arms as he stood in the porch, and recognizing the boy instantly, in spite of his Highland costume, she snatched him eagerly, and covered him with kisses. "I wonder what Langley would give for one or two of those?" said Fane to himself, as he followed her to the drawing-room.

In answer to her breathless inquiries, he told how he had found Julius, and the reasons which appeared to exist for keeping his abduction as secret as possible. Then they consulted together as to the best mode of breaking the news to Lady Lee. "I'll go

and tell her immediate," said the excited Fillett. "I ain't afraid to face my lady now."

"Stay, my good girl," said Fane; "we must n't be rash. Miss Payne, you could prepare her better than any one."

Orelia went away, and, after a short absence, returned to the drawing-room.

"Hester is asleep," said she; "I was afraid to wake her."

"Right," said Fane. "But what do you think, Miss Payne, of placing Julius, who does n't seem likely to wake till morning, by his mother's side?"

"Ha!" said Kitty, "the very thing!—and when my lady wakes, she'll think 'tis a dream."

"Do you know," said Orelia, "that strikes me as a happy thought of yours. I'm resolved it shall be done—yes—it shall." So saying, she took up the slumbering Julius, and, desiring Fillett to accompany her, conveyed him to her own room; while Fane quitted the house to rejoin Langley, saying he would return for news in the morning.

Arrived in her chamber, Orelia desired Kitty to undress Julius, an office she was well accustomed to, and gladly undertook. He fretted a little, in a sleepy way, at being disturbed, and thrust his knuckles into his eyes; but the moment the disrobing was accomplished he relapsed into sound slumbers, with a long-drawn sigh. "Bless you," said Kitty, "he'd sleep now if you put him standing on his head on the floor, the dear!"

Orelia, on her first visit to Hester's room, had left a light there. Very softly she now reentered, bearing her young friend, with his head against her bosom, his bare legs dangling perpendicularly from the bend of her arm, and, stealing to the side of the bed, stood looking at its occupant, while Kitty, with elaborate caution, crept after. The youthfulness of Hester's look, as she lay with her face turned up till her chin approached her upraised shoulder, struck Orelia—she beheld the Hester of five years before. She stood a moment gazing at her, figuring to herself the astonishment that would appear in those eyes when their lids were next raised; then she motioned to Fillett, who turned down the bed-clothes far enough to admit Julius, and Orelia, stooping silently down, deposited him with his head on the pillow near Lady Lee's. It seemed a matter of indifference to him what they did with him; he merely rubbed his nose with his hand, as if something tickled it, made a noise with his lips as if tasting something, and slept on. Lady Lee, too, slept quietly; and Orelia, after having once or twice turned to look at them, withdrew with Kitty. She closed the door softly, then, listening, thought she heard a noise—reopened it—it was only Lady Lee turning in her sleep; she now lay

with her face turned to the boy's, and her arm across his neck—and Orelia retired to her own room.

Fane found Langley waiting at the hotel door, and, taking his arm, drew him into a private room. As he had dined early, and imagined his cousin had probably done so too, he ordered supper forthwith. "We should be hungry enough before we had half done talking," said Fane. "First while supper is getting ready, I'll have my say."

Accordingly he told his cousin how he had got a clue to their relationship by means of the seal ring at the silver-smith's—of his late visit to their uncle—of his uncle's smothered affection for Langley—of the visit with Miss Betsey to his old apartments—of his conversation with Mr. Payne; which last, however, he recapitulated only so far as it related to the manner in which Langley had first provoked his uncle, saying nothing at present about the forgery, which he wished to hear Langley's own version of.

His cousin listened eagerly—seemed surprised at the share his ring had borne in detecting him—smiled at Fane's mention of Miss Betsey, and interrupted him to characterize her as a "jolly old woman." But the account of the rooms, still preserved in the state he had left them in, and of his uncle's nocturnal visits to them, excited deeper emotion. He rose from his chair, walked about the room, and, when he resumed his seat, brushed off some moisture from his eyelashes.

"I believe in my soul," said Langley, "that he once loved me better than anything on earth. But his last letter to me was so harsh, so severe in tone, that I imagined I should not have obtained forgiveness, even had I sought it. To seek it, however, was far from my thoughts; my uncle's condemnation of my conduct was mild compared with my own, and I had resolved, before his letter came, never to look on his face again till I could do so without shame."

"You must have played the very deuce," observed Fane, "to call forth these feelings in him and yourself. 'Twas play, I suppose, that did it."

"Yes," said Langley, "that finished me; but I had no turn for saving, and I had, besides, dropt a good deal on a favorite for the Leger. All my uncle's allowance went. I asked for more—'t was sent with some caustic remarks; next time, the remarks were angry, instead of caustic—then bitter. At last, while playing to win back, I lost all I had. I sold everything, and was still a hundred pounds short. This sum I wrote to my uncle for, assuring him 't was the last time I should ever trouble him. He evidently did n't believe me, for, with the check for a hundred, came the letter I already told you of, the harshest he ever had written."

"Well!" said Fane impatiently, seeing him pause.

"I paid my gaming debts, in some of which I suspected foul play, though it would have been difficult to prove that. All paid, I found myself with about fifteen shillings, and a suit of clothes, as my sole possessions, to make a fresh start in the world with. I left London, making my way on foot towards a seaport; and, while making a meal of bread and cheese, to be paid for with my last remaining coin, a recruiting sergeant spoke to me, and I enlisted directly. You know my career afterwards, till I left the Heronry Lodge."

"But the last check from my uncle," said Fane, "I want to hear about that. To whom did you pay it?"

"To the man I had lost most to, and who had the greatest share in my ruin," said Langley. "He came to my lodgings on the day I received it. I threw it across the table to him, telling him, calmly enough outwardly, that I was done for, and that he would never hear of me more, for that my intention was to quit the country that very day."

"And you saw nothing more of him?" said Fane.

"Never till we met on the day of the review in the Heronry grounds," returned Levitt, "when he seemed confused enough at the meeting, as well he might, for, as I say, Seager had more to do with my ruin than anybody."

"Seager!" exclaimed Fane. "I always thought him a horrible rascal. 'T was to him, then, you transferred your check?"

"Yes," said Langley; "and, at the same time, I showed him the letter that accompanied it, that he might see the kind of misery such proceedings as his lead to. He read it—threw it back to me. 'All up there,' said he; 'the old boy's done with you—what do you mean to do?' I told him I should quit the country that very day. He approved of this design, and offered to pay my passage to any foreign port I chose. This I declined; and, meeting the recruiting party, I abandoned my first intention, and enlisted."

Fane stood up, leaning his arm against the chimney-piece, his head upon his hand, deep in thought. "Certainly," he said to himself, "Langley is innocent of the forgery—and I think I see who is guilty—now, to prove it is the point."

"Was there any one present when you gave the check to Seager?" he asked.

Levitt paused for a minute to think. "I'm not sure," he replied, "'t was so long ago; but I rather think Mounteney was present."

"And knew the amount of the check?" asked Fane.

"Probably," returned Levitt — "indeed, I should say, certainly, if he was present, as I rather fancy he was. But why do you ask?"

Fane, however, waived this question; it could answer no purpose, at present, to show Langley the suspicion he lay under. Supper appearing at the moment enabled him to change the subject.

"Your health, Durham," said Langley; "long may you enjoy my uncle's favor, which you deserve better than I did. By Jupiter!" he added, setting down his glass, "I had almost forgotten the flavor of champagne. It is long since I tasted it, and 't will, probably, be yet longer before I taste it again."

"You have told me nothing of your plans for the future," said Durham.

"They are hardly definite enough to talk about; but I'm not used to despond. My one clear purpose is to leave England. Since I left the service, I have found how difficult it is to make, unassisted, the first step in the ascent of life. Now, I consider myself rather a sharp fellow, Durham, as fellows go. I am willing to turn my hand to any earthly thing it is capable of, in any honest way; and a man who, though naturally impatient, yet performs three years' service in the lower ranks of the army with credit, has some title to trust his own temper and perseverance. Yet I've been for these — let me see, how many weeks is it since I sold my last sketch! — three, I think — hovering on the confines of absolute penury."

"Good God!" exclaimed Fane. "My dear fellow!"

"Fact," said Levitt, with a laugh. "So I resolved to try what virtue there was in a stout arm and a gay heart, in a country like Canada or Australia. But the passage-money — there was the rub. I've been trying to raise it, as I came along, by selling sketches to booksellers, but that hardly kept me in bread and cheese. Arriving here, however, I found a theatrical company in want of a scene-painter. I offered myself, was approved of, and tolerably well paid; and, four or five mornings ago, when their walking gentleman was sick, I volunteered to supply his place. Old Cavendish the manager gave me a benefit to-night, which has put a few pounds in my pocket, and the day after to-morrow I start for the New World."

"There is only one little point left unaccounted for in your narrative," said Fane, smiling. "Frewenham is not exactly in the road to any point of embarkation for Canada, or Australia either; and you have not explained what brought you here."

He fixed his eyes on Levitt, who, spite of his efforts to look indifferent, colored deeply.

"I'm a confounded fool, Durham — I be-

lieve that's undeniable," he said. "And yet, I'm not ashamed to say that I came so far out of my way to take a last look at a woman. Such a woman, Durham — ah, you must be, as I've been, beneath the very heel of fortune, and habituated to the sense of appearing to others in a false light, to know the true value of a charming woman's sympathy. If I had met her anywhere, or at any period of my life, I should have preferred her to all the world — but circumstances have made me positively adore her. I would not present myself again before her for the world — that could answer no good purpose — but I could not deny myself one last glimpse of Orelia."

"Though I smile," said Fane, "don't think, my dear fellow, 'tis at your devotion. On the contrary, I honor you for it; I was merely paying tribute to my own penetration at having guessed what brought you here."

Hereupon there ensued a conversation on the subject of love, its exacting and engrossing nature, its dreams, its power to excite, its anxieties, and the astonishing absurdities which even sensible people commit, without any shame or compunction, under its influence. And as this was a subject more interesting to the two interlocutors than to whole-hearted, devil-may-care people like you and me, reader, who are not yet, Heaven be praised, utterly hoodwinked, and have no occasion to pluck cherry lips and neatly-turned ankles out of our eyes in order to see clearly — and as, moreover, it has been touched upon by one or two previous writers, we will merely mention in this place that the two cousins seemed wonderfully unanimous in their opinions and feelings, and separated for the night with a very strong regard for each other.

CHAPTER L.

Next morning Fane wrote a note to Orelia, to say that he wished to hear from her how Lady Lee had borne the restoration of Julius to her arms — for that he would not commit the sacrilege of intruding upon her on a day that ought to be sacred to other feelings than those his presence could inspire.

"I slept so little, and so lightly, last night" (wrote Orelia, in reply, after describing how she had deposited Julius, undiscovered, by his mother's side), "that I was easily roused by what I thought was a cry from Hester. I sat up in bed and listened in silence — then I stole to her door, and heard such a kind of murmuring within as a dove might make over its young. I entered. Hester was hanging over Julius, apparently not quite certain whether she waked or slept — indeed, she seemed to think it a vivid dream, for she stared at me as I entered, and

passed her hand confusedly across her eyes. I sat down on the bed, and whispered to her that 't was all real, and if she would lie quite still and composed I would tell her the whole of the story as far as I knew it.

"You did right not to come to-day. She is still a little bewildered—and was quite so till she had a good cry. For some little time she did what I'm sure you never heard her do—she talked nonsense. As for the cause of all these tears, he seems tolerably unconcerned. He submitted to our embraces this morning as coolly as if he had only been away a week, and is now busy, dressed in his Highland costume (for there are no clothes of his here), in making acquaintance with Moloch. This helps to compose Hester, and she is now able to comprehend her happiness—to-morrow she will be radiant.

"Come to-morrow as early as you like."

This note was brought by Mr. Payne; and Fane, after he had read it, told that gentleman he had seen Langley, and was persuaded of his innocence in the matter of the forgery. He mentioned Seager as the person who had received the check, and Mr. Payne at once remembered that to be the name of the person who had presented it, and who had excited no suspicion of anything irregular, as this was not the first that had been paid to him. Fane also told what he had learnt from Lady Lee of the charge of swindling now pending against Seager, and of the additional probability thus afforded that he was the delinquent. Mr. Payne promptly adopted this view of the case, and proposed that he should go instantly to town to consult a legal adviser on the matter, and, if necessary, have an interview with Seager himself. "You see," he said, "that what we want, in this instance, is, not to prosecute or recover, but simply to establish Langley's innocence; and if, by confessing, he can avoid a prosecution, perhaps we may, without difficulty, get Seager to admit his guilt."

After Mr. Payne had departed, Fane spent the rest of the day in investigating Mr. Holmes' account of the abduction of Julius. It really appeared that Bagot was the instigator of it—and, moreover, that the colonel had intended to restore Julius so soon as the conclusion of the trial should have removed the original inducement for concealing him, which was to obtain funds wherewith to meet the trial.

Lady Lee was, as Orelia had prophesied, all radiant when Fane next saw her, and looked altogether so cheerful and charming that he experienced a sudden impulse to embrace her; and, not seeing any just cause or impediment, had already, with that view, put his arm round her waist, when she stooped, and, snatching Julius from the ground, held him before her as a shield. Julius, being fond of Fane, immediately clung round his

neck, and thus covered any little discomfiture he might naturally have felt at having his intention defeated.

This placing of Julius between the lovers involved a kind of metaphor; for Lady Lee reminded Fane that, though they might have dispensed with Bagot's consent on mere pecuniary grounds, yet now, when Julius' interests were again at stake, it was imperative to obtain it.

Fane, who had in fact come rushing into Lady Lee's presence with the full intention of pressing for immediate union, now that her mourning was thus happily at an end, was fairly staggered by this consideration, which he had in his eagerness quite overlooked. But though he could have found resolution to submit to what was inevitable, it was not in his nature to be patient while any alternative remained. First, he would go instantly, seek out Bagot, and demand the consent—would go down on his knees for it, if necessary, professing himself ready for any amount of baseness and sycophancy to propitiate the potent colonel. But Lady Lee, feeling that Bagot might possibly vent the anger she knew him to entertain against Fane in some coarse insult, told the latter her reasons for thinking the colonel was not to be propitiated. Then he urged that if Bagot could not be cajoled, he might be threatened or bought—that a hint of exposure in the business of the abduction might bring him to terms.

This certainly seemed feasible; but this hope was put to flight by a letter from Mr. Payne, announcing that, arriving in town on the last day of the trial, with the intention of seeing Seager, he found both him and Bagot fled, and the latter had been traced to France. This was a terrible stroke, affecting so powerfully as it did the interests both of Fane and Langley. And as this brings us to the point of Mr. Seager's flight from town, we will now follow that gentleman in his career.

CHAPTER LI.

Seager, fancying himself dogged at the railway terminus on the day of his flight from London, took his ticket for the station beyond that where he intended to alight, to avoid detection. At Frewenham he left the train and repaired to an inn, a second-rate one, which he had selected as a less dangerous abode than the principal hotel.

Keeping up his disguise, he spent two whole days (precious days to him) in walking about Larches for an opportunity of speaking to Lady Lee. Fane, or Mr. Payne, or Fillett, were forever there, one or other of them, and it might be fatal to his plans for any of them to discover him. He read in the papers, with a good deal of amusement, the account of the late trial, and was particularly diverted with the paragraph at the close which announced

that the prisoners had forfeited their bail, and were supposed to be at large on the Continent. On the third day, however, he saw the coast clear, and, taking off his wig and false mustache behind a hedge, he buttoned his great-coat across the splendor beneath it, and, looking like himself, walked boldly up to the cottage and rang the bell.

"Give that to Lady Lee," he said to the servant who opened the door, "and say I wait for an answer."

When Lady Lee opened the note, she read a request from Mr. Seager "to grant him a short interview, on a subject of the *last importance*," (these words being underlined.)

"Something about the affairs of the wretched colonel, I suppose," she said to herself; "shall I admit him? Surely Bagot has forfeited all right to my assistance." Her eye fell on Julius, and her heart softened. After all, Bagot had done her no irreparable injury. "Take the child away," she said, "and then admit the person who waits."

Mr. Seager, in full possession of all his brazen assurance, was ushered in. Lady Lee's look was quite composed, and there was nothing like grief in her aspect. "She's got over the boy's loss pretty quickly," thought Seager.

"Time is precious, my lady," he said, when he had seated himself; "you'll excuse me if I come at once to the point, and cut the matter short."

"As short as you please, sir," said Lady Lee.

This rather put him out, but he recovered himself as he went on.

"Perhaps, when you know what I came about, I shall be more welcome. What if I know of something which nearly concerns you, and which you would give much to hear?"

Lady Lee sat upright on the sofa, and her face assumed a look of anxiety. "What can it be?" she said to herself; and then aloud, "Go on, sir."

"I must explain that I am peculiarly situated just now, my lady—very peculiarly indeed. I'm leaving the country, and my resources are running very low. This must be my excuse for attaching a condition to the revealing of this secret;—in fact, I am compelled to make a matter of business of it. You can command a good sum, I dare say, such as would be a vast thing to me, without any inconvenience to yourself."

"But the nature of your information, sir!—the nature of it!" said Lady Lee, her curiosity excited to an extreme degree.

"You see," said Seager, "you may not have the sum I should require in the house; but I'll take your note of hand, or I. O. U. I know you'd be honorable, my lady."

"The nature of it?" repeated Lady Lee, anxiously.

"Hem," said Mr. Seager, clearing his

throat, and muttering to himself. "It does look rather heartless, but it can't be helped. In a word, you had a son who passes for dead—what if I could give tidings of him?"

Lady Lee gave a sigh of relief, and fell back on the sofa. She saw his error. Mr. Seager took it for a sign of agitation, and went on.

"You'll say, of course, Prove your words. Very well; do you know this hand-writing?" He rose, and held a letter before her eyes.

"Perfectly," said Lady Lee; "it is Colonel Lee's."

"Well, read a line or two of it," said Seager, opening it so that one paragraph was visible.

She read—"Hester, we shall never meet again, and I will repair an injury I have done you. Your boy is not dead, he—"

"There," said Mr. Seager, refolding the letter, "that will satisfy you of my good faith. Now, if I give this, containing full information of your son's whereabouts, what will you give?"

"But," said Lady Lee, "have you any right to withhold such information?"

"That's not the question," said Seager; "we won't talk about rights. I've no time for humbug. In a word, name your figure, or else I put the letter in my pocket, and in six hours I shall be in France. Speak out, and be liberal!"

At this moment there was a fumbling at the handle of the door.

"Send 'em away," said Mr. Seager; "this matter must be between you and me."

Lady Lee knew who the intruder was, and going to the door opened it, and admitted Julius.

Mr. Seager fell a pace back, crying out, "My God! you've found him, then."

Lady Lee led Julius to the sofa, with something of a smile on her face, and seated him on her lap.

"Well, sir," she said to Seager, "you forgot to mention the price you set upon a mother's feelings."

"Damnation!" muttered Seager; "it's no go. I'll be off. Shall I try to get some money out of her for Lee? No, she would n't trust me with it now, and time's precious. My secret is forestalled," he said aloud, with a brazen grin. "I'm sorry we could n't have made a bargain for it. But you need n't say you have seen me, my lady—promise you won't," he added. "There's been no harm done, you know."

Lady Lee rose and rang the bell. Seager made off towards the door, opened it, and turned round. "Don't mention you saw me," he repeated; "it will do no good."

He was hurrying off, cursing his ill luck, and resolving to continue his flight instantly, when he ran full tilt, in the passage, against the police officer whom he had evaded at the

London station. His delay in the attempt to extort money from Lady Lee had been fatal to his plan of escape. The policeman addressed him by name, and told him he was his prisoner. Seager started back, with an exclamation, followed by a muttered curse.

"Hush!" he said, "don't speak loud. How did you find me?"

"Got on your scent last night, sir," said the policeman, "and have been dodging you all the morning. I saw you take off your wig behind the hedge, and knew you in a minute."

Again Seager began a string of curses in a low tone. Presently he drew forth a pocket-book. "Come," he said, "you'll get nothing by my capture—what shall we say, now, for letting me slip? Nobody need ever know you found me."

The policeman smiled as he put the offered notes aside.

"Stuff!" said Seager. "Every man has his price. Why shouldn't you turn a penny when you can?"

He was still pressing his point, and the officer was getting impatient, when the front door near which they stood opened, and Fane entered from the garden.

"What! Seager!" he cried, on seeing that gentleman—"the very man I want above all others. What brought you here; and who is this?" he asked, looking at the policeman.

A short explanation from the latter put Fane in possession of the facts.

"Be so good as to bring your prisoner in here," said Fane, opening the door of a small room. "I won't detain you long, and you cannot object to the delay, as it may result in a fresh charge against Mr. Seager."

Seager affected to laugh at this, but felt rather alarmed, nevertheless. His capture had upset all his calculations, and momentarily shaken his habitual confidence in himself.

"Please to attend to this conversation," Fane said to the police officer. "In the first place, I must tell you, Mr. Seager, that your former victim, my cousin Langley Levitt, is now in Frewenham, and that Mr. Payne is now in London, investigating the circumstances of the forgery of a certain check on his bank."

Seager turned pale. "Well," he said, "what then?"

"That check you presented for payment," said Fane.

"Ay," said Seager; "but that does n't prove I forged it, or knew it was forged. Can you prove that?"

"I think we can. A person was present when Langley gave it you, and the amount of it was then known. I give you credit for cleverness in your calculations. You knew Langley was resolved to disappear from his

family and the world—you calculated that when the forgery should be discovered the matter would be hushed up—and that, while Langley passed as the forger, the fraud would never be known. But now that he has reappeared, and is in communication with his friends, the matter must come to light."

Mr. Seager sullenly shrugged his shoulders. "Well," said he. "I'm in a hole, and no mistake. I can't show play for it, since this gentleman has bagged me" (looking at the policeman). "You must take your own course. But," he added in a low tone, intended exclusively for Fane's ear, "I can't understand your interest in detecting me. Haven't you taken Levitt's place with your uncle?"

Fane nodded.

"And if Levitt is restored to favor, you will lose by it?"

"In a worldly point of view, yes," returned Fane.

"Well, then," said Mr. Seager, "your line is plain enough. You can say you believe (of course, with great regret), but still you're compelled to believe, that your cousin was the forger. Your uncle takes your word for it, and drops the matter—Langley goes to the devil—and you remain sole favorite and heir, don't you see? So much for that," whispered Mr. Seager, with the air of a man who has put his case incontrovertibly.

Fane smiled as he looked steadily at Seager. "You are a clever rascal, certainly," he said, "in a small way. You are well acquainted with your own side of human nature, but beyond that you're in the dark. Dismissing, then, this new and practical view of the case, allow me to offer a suggestion. Our principal object, of course, is justice to Langley rather than revenge on you. A prosecution, though it would probably lead to your conviction, especially now that your character is blasted, would require time, while your confession would at once answer the purpose."

"But what should I get by confessing?" asked Seager.

"Nothing," said Fane. "A bribe would impair the value of your admissions. But I promise you this, that if you confess, I will use what interest I possess to stop all proceedings against you on account of the forgery. Now," said he, setting writing materials before him, "take your choice. Silence and prosecution, or confession and impunity."

Mr. Seager pondered for a minute; but he was too shrewd not to see where his advantage lay. He had nothing to lose by confessing—his character was already gone, and could scarcely suffer farther, while conviction for the forgery might entail transportation. After a very short interval of consideration, he took up a pen. "I'm ready," he said; "I'll do it in the penitent style if you like. Prickings

of conscience, desire to render tardy reparation, and all that."

"No," said Fane, "it shall be simple and genuine; allow me to dictate it."

This he accordingly did, setting forth—first, that the confession was quite voluntary, and, secondly, admitting the forgery and the circumstances that led to its commission. Seager signed this, and the sergeant and Fane witnessed it, and the latter now desired the officer to remove his prisoner. Mr. Seager nodded to Fane, and winked facetiously as he left the room, made a face at the policeman, who preceded him out, and then departed to undergo his sentence.

CHAPTER LII.

Fane had already confided Langley's history to Lady Lee, and he now showed her the testimony of his innocence, and consulted her as to the best course to be pursued.

They agreed it would be best to say nothing, either to Langley or Orelia, of the matter, until Mr. Payne should have apprized Mr. Levitt of his nephew's innocence, and effected a reconciliation. Fane did not in the least doubt that his uncle would be eager to extend forgiveness; but a delay of a day or two would be trifling, and the pleasure of a first meeting between the lovers would be greatly enhanced by the removal beforehand of every obstacle to their happiness.

Mr. Payne, coming down from town to report his ill-success in the attempt to discover Seager, was agreeably surprised by Fane's news. He posted off without delay to show the document to his friend Mr. Levitt, and, a couple of days afterwards, wrote to tell Fane that the news had produced the best effect on his uncle's health, that he was eager to embrace Langley, and that they would be down together in person on the following day.

Fane was seated on a sofa near the fire (it was a cold morning), whispering into Lady Lee's willing yet averted ear, numerous reckless and persuasive arguments for an immediate union. What were riches to them while they were thus kept apart? He, for his part, would, he said, dig cheerfully all day, could he be sure of finding her ready to give zest to his pottage, cheerfulness to his fireside, when he came home. Let Bagot take her income; and as for Julius, they would take him and flee to some remote corner of Europe, there to abide till the colonel relented, or had drunk himself to death. Lady Lee smiled at all this display of love, but shook her head. He, Durham, must be patient, she said.

"Miss Payne," called out Fane to Orelia, "be on my side." Orelia was sitting in a bay window designing a picture. She seldom came near the fire, and never felt cold. "I

am telling Hester that we ought to break through the cobwebs that sunder us—scatter the filthy lucre to the winds—snatch up Julius out of reach of the ogre Bagot, and try if the winds of Eros cannot shield us against the hardest fate."

"Hester has given up much for you already, Captain Fane," said the austere Orelia. "Your coming has upset the rarest plan; and now I am left to walk the path alone."

"What was the plan?" inquired Fane.

"We were going, Orelia and I," said Lady Lee, with an irreverent smile, "to daff the world aside—to devote ourselves to good works—and we actually set out on our thorny path; but I see now, that if we had continued as we begun, casting as we did so many glances backward on the vanities of the past, we should, if justice had been administered now as in the days of the patriarchs, have both been made pillars of salt."

"Speak for yourself, my dear," returned Orelia, sharpening her pencil and her tone. "I, at least, was quite resolute to persevere, and am so still."

"Perhaps an equally unworthy excuse, as that which Hester pleads for changing her mind, may yet avail you," suggested Fane.

"Never," returned Orelia, with the greatest firmness.

"Do you think she really does n't care for Langley?" whispered Fane to Lady Lee.

Lady Lee looked towards her friend with an affectionate smile. "She's an odd girl," she said, "and 'tis n't easy to ascertain her feelings till they are strongly excited."

"I'll prove them now," said Fane, rising, and going to a portfolio in the room, and taking thence a drawing. "Miss Payne," he said, "you are always ready to recognize skill in art. See, here is a sketch I lately rescued from the oblivion of a bookseller's shop; what do you think of it?"

Orelia took it. No one knew better than she the peculiar touch and bold outline. She gazed at it earnestly for a minute—looked up wonderingly and inquiringly at Fane; but, meeting a peculiar, searching glance, she lowered her eyes and colored violently.

"If you like it, and would wish others of the same sort, I think I could procure you some," he said.

Orelia laid down the drawing—glanced aside—again looked at it—then turned her eye uneasily to Lady Lee, who was smilingly watching her. "How very heartless to trifle with me so!" thought Orelia, "particularly of Hester; but I'll show them they can't move me. I won't be their sport."

So she stoically resumed her employment, feeling very fidgety nevertheless. In her agitation, she shaded a cloud in her sky with sepia instead of the proper gray tint—dashed a brushful of water at it—smudged her

whole sky irretrievably, as if an eccentric-looking thunderstorm were brewing—rubbed a hole in the paper in getting it out, and threw down her brush with an expression of impatience.

"He's a very promising artist the person who did this sketch," said the unfeeling Fane to Lady Lee. "I feel quite interested in him." Lady Lee shook her head while she smiled at him. She saw her impetuous friend was getting quite excited. "Serve her right for her hypocrisy," whispered Fane. "I don't pity her in the least. They must be in Frewenham by this time," he added, looking at his watch; "and, allowing an hour for the interview between them and Langley, they will be here to lunch."

Orelia's ears were on the stretch to catch any further information, which, however, she would have died rather than ask for.

But the only further talk on the subject was when Fane asked Lady Lee "if she did n't think it would be a kind act to take this poor artist by the hand, and give him an opening to make his way?"

"Poor artist! Take him by the hand, indeed!" thought Orelia, with a glance of great scorn; and indeed she would hardly have been content to vent her indignation in glances, had not Miss Fillett just then entered, and changed the current of their discourse. Kitty's manner was excited, and her eyes were red.

"Ho, my lady," cried she, "here's Noble have come, and he wish to see your ladyship."

"Noble!" cried her ladyship: "did they not say he was with Colonel Lee?"

"He was, my lady; but, ho! Colonel Lee"—here Fillett choked. "Harry'll tell himself; come in, Noble, and speak to my lady."

Noble, who was waiting at the door, entered, and made his bow.

"You come from the colonel—you have a letter for me," said Lady Lee, holding out her hand for the expected missive.

"No, my lady," said Noble.

"Speak up, Harry," said Miss Fillett, with a sob.

"We started for France, me and the colonel," said Noble, clearing his throat; "and as soon as ever he got ashore, he was took ill in the same way as he was in London. The doctors said 't was owing to his not being able to keep nothing on his stomach on the passage across—brandy nor nothing—for the water was very rough."

"He is ill, then," said Lady Lee; "not seriously, I trust."

"My lady, he's gone," cried Fillett.

"Dead?" said Lady Lee.

"Dead," said Noble. "He got quite wild when he was took to the hotel; and after we got him to bed, he did himself a mischief, by

jumping out of window while he was out of his mind. When we picked him up he could n't speak."

"And he died so?" cried Lady Lee.

"Not immediate," said Noble, speaking in a deep low voice, and keeping his eyes fixed firmly on Lady Lee; "he got his speech again for a little, and knowed me. 'This is the finish, Noble,' says he, 'and I'm glad of it; I would n't have consented to live.' Them was his last sensible words. He talked afterwards, to be sure, but not to know what he was saying. He appeared to be in the belief that he was back to the Heronry. He talked of the horses there, in particular of old Coverly, who died of gripes better than six years ago."

Lady Lee put her handkerchief to her eyes. She had a tear for poor Bagot. Death sponged away the recollection of his animosity towards her, and she remembered only the old familiar face and rough good-nature. "The poor colonel," she said; "the poor, poor colonel! And his remains, Noble?"

"There was two gentlemen as was friends of his in the town; Sir John Barrett was one of 'em. They was very sorry; they ordered everything, and went to the funeral; and though it warn't altogether in the style I could wish—no hearse nor mourners—yet it was done respectable."

Lady Lee wept silently, and Fane thought her tears became her. Both of them probably remembered that the only obstacle to their union was removed by Bagot's death, but the taste of both was too fine to allow such a thought to be expressed that day in any way. "Leave me now, Noble," she said; "I will hear more from you another time."

Kitty—who, when Noble reached the catastrophe, had been seized with an hysterical weeping that sounded like a succession of small sneezes—opened the door for him and followed him out. Noble walked down stairs before her, not turning his head nor speaking.

"Harry," said Kitty, with a sniff, when he reached the hall—"Harry!"

Noble turned and surveyed her austere.

"Ho, Harry," said Kitty, "have n't you got a word for a friend?"

"Yes," said Harry, "for a friend I've got more than a word."

"I thought we were friends, Noble," said Miss Fillett, taking up the corner of her apron, and examining it.

"There's people in the world one can't be friends with, however a body may wish it," replied Noble.

"And am I one of the sort, Harry?" said Kitty, with a sidelong look. "Am I, Harry?"

"Yes," said Harry, "yes, you be. Look here! I'd have cut off my arm to do you any good" (striking it with the edge of his

hand). "You know that very well, but I can't stand your ways — no, I can't, and I ain't going to any more."

"What ways do you mean?" said Miss Fillett innocently; "I'm sorry my ways is n't pleasant, Harry."

"Pleasant?" said Harry; "they can be pleasant enough when you like; but when you drive a man a'most crazy, and make him wish to cut his fellow-creeturs' throats, and his own afterwards, do you think that's pleasant?"

Kitty at this tossed up her head, and sniffed with an injured air. "If I give you such thoughts as them, Mr. Noble, of course 't is better to have nothing to say to me. I was n't aware my conversation made people murderers."

"Look here," said Noble; "I don't say I like you the worse for it. No, cuss it! I like you the better — that 's the cussed part of it; but what I mean is, that I ain't going to be tormented and kept awake at nights, and to lose my meals as well as my sleep, and to go a-hating my fellow-creeturs, just upon account of your philanderings; and the best way is not to care who you philander with, and to leave you to keep company with them as can stand having the life worried out of 'em better than I can."

"I'm glad you've spoken out, Noble," said Kitty, who spied relenting in his look, and who kept up the injured air. "I did n't know I was such a rogue and a villain as I'm made out to be by you. If I'd wished to slay or hang somebody, you could n't have spoke worse of me."

"Well," said Noble, "I did n't mean to vex you, though you've vexed me many a time. I was only saying why it was I warn't going to be fooled any longer. Come, I'll shake hands with you."

"Ho, what! take the hand of a young person that wishes people to cut other people's throats! I wonder at you," said Miss Fillett, allowing him to get only the tip of her little finger into his hand.

"Come," said the unhappy victim of female arts, "say you won't torment me any more with talking and smiling at fellows, and I'll be as fond of you as ever. Look here; here 's some French gloves that I smuggled over, and was going to put into your bandbox without your knowing who they'd come from. Let me try 'em on, Kitty."

Miss Fillett glanced aside at the packet displayed in his hand. "What lovely colors!" thought Kitty; "that lilac is genteel, and so is the straw color. He never could have chose 'em himself." But she still feigned displeasure, and Mr. Noble's desire for reconciliation was becoming proportionably ardent, when the pair were disturbed by a

carriage driving up to the door, and made off to terminate the interview in the kitchen.

The carriage in question contained those whom Fane expected — viz., Mr. Payne, Mr. Levitt, and Langley. The latter helped out his uncle (who appeared to be in much better health) with a care and affection that showed they were entirely reconciled. At the first meeting Mr. Levitt had attempted to maintain his cynical demeanor, and was highly disgusted with himself, afterwards, to remember how signally he had failed. "Till I witnessed that meeting," said Mr. Payne afterwards to Fane, "I had no idea how much your uncle loved that boy."

Fane was looking out of the window, and saw them approach. "Here they are," he said — "your papa, Miss Payne, and my uncle; and I see my cousin Langley is with them. Have you ever heard me speak of him? I think you'll like him."

"Do you, indeed!" said Orelia stiffly; for she had by no means recovered her temper since the drawings had been produced by Fane, and was not disposed to be particularly amiable to her new guests.

Mr. Payne entered first and kissed Orelia.

"I bring an old and a young friend of mine, my dear. This is Mr. Levitt, and — where 's Langley? Come along, Langley."

Langley stepped forward and took the young lady's hand.

"Onslow!" cried Orelia.

"Yes," said the ex-dragoon, in a low voice, and with his well-known smile, "Onslow and Langley Levitt."

"You did n't know, sir," said Fane to his uncle, "of the fatted calf we had ready for your prodigal nephew. He and Orelia are old friends — I think I may add, something more than old friends."

"You don't say so!" said Mr. Levitt, pressing forward and taking both Orelia's hands in his. "My dear," he said, watching Langley's and her agitation, "I believe you are going to put the finishing stroke to my happiness, and I shall like you better even than I expected."

"Why, God bless me!" cried Mr. Payne, "I never heard a word of this. The monkey has been extremely aly."

Orelia, now a little paler than usual, was regarding her lover with steady eyes.

"I shall never call you anything but Onslow," she said; and she kept her word.

Mr. Levitt was in every respect satisfied with the choice of his nephews, as indeed he had good reason to be. What did the man expect, I wonder! He was almost as impatient as the young men to put all future disappointment out of the power of fate by immediate marriage; and as the ladies did

not offer a very spirited resistance, he had his way.

Accordingly the courtship was short, and principally remarkable for a revolution that took place in the opinions of Lady Lee. Formerly, she had been accustomed, in the moments of dignified cynicism which occasionally visited her, to be very unsparing in her contempt for the ordinary forms of love-making; kissing, in particular, she considered to be a practice even beneath contempt, from its extreme silliness—fit, she would say, only for children—an opinion she had occasionally communicated to Sir Joseph when his fondness became troublesome.

This, however, with many graver theories, had been upset since she fell in love with Fane. The first time he kissed her it evaporated in an uncommon flutter of not unpleasant emotion, which puzzled her ladyship the more because she perfectly remembered that a kiss from Sir Joseph had never caused her to feel any greater agitation than if she had flattened her nose against a pane of glass.

However, to do justice to her consistency, she did not abandon the theory at the first defeat; but, taking counsel with herself, and fortifying her mind anew with reasoning on the subject, the next time he offered to be so childish, she repelled the attempt with a great deal of dignity. Fane, who had a theory of his own on such matters (whether the result of intuition or experience, I can't say), and knew what he was about perfectly, very wisely let her alone for a time. Her ladyship grew quite fidgety; and though Fane had never been more brilliant, she paid very little attention to what he said, and, when he only shook hands with her at parting, felt half inclined to quarrel with him. After this, Fane never met with any resistance: on the contrary, not content with one of these silly proceedings at meeting and parting, her ladyship would sometimes manoeuvre, artfully enough, for an extra or surplus salute. Such is the singular superiority of practice over theory.

Very shocking and humiliating to the philosopher and student of human nature is the fact, that these two intellectual beings, with their high imaginations and their cultivated tastes, should sometimes, during their courtship, demean themselves with no greater regard for their dignity than a redfaced dairymaid and her sweet-heart Robin. But it is true, nevertheless; and if Fane discovered a fresh charm in his goddess, it was in the naïve pleasure with which she condescended (at least he thought it condescension) to express her fondness. And Langley, for the same reason, was doubly delighted with the warmth which the outwardly majestic Orelia did not scruple to display towards the man to whom she had given her heart. This is all I shall say on this part of the subject, as courtship

is of the class of performances which afford much more satisfaction to the *dramatis personæ* than the audience.

They were married, these two pairs, in the church which Hester's father had formerly served; and afterwards Fane and she set off for the Heronry, where they were quite alone (for Rosa and the Curate had, before their coming, gone to take possession of the vicarage in Mr. Levitt's gift which Fane had formerly offered to Josiah, and which he did not again refuse), while Langley and Orelia stayed at the cottage.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

It is a vile practice that of winding up a story with a marriage, as if the sole object of all that inkshed was to put a couple of characters to bed; and I wonder the rigid propriety of our novel writers and readers does not revolt at it. Besides, considering the matter on artistic grounds, it is not satisfactory to check, by the chilling word *Finis*, the ardor of the reader, just excited to a high pitch at the spectacle of the hero and heroine sinking into each other's arms. It is like quitting the opera, as the curtain falls on a splendid group, tinted with rose light, while the whole strength of the company sings a chorus; and going splashing home through the rain to a bachelor's lodging, where the maid has let the fire out and forgot the matches, and you have to stumble to bed punchless and oysterless in the dark.

A year passed, after the marriages aforesaid, and a party, including many of our principal characters was assembled in the little church of Lansete to celebrate another wedding.

Josiah was the officiating clergyman; he had come partly for that purpose, partly to perform another ceremony. The persons to be joined together in holy matrimony, on this occasion, were Rosa and Bruce.

The principal agent in effecting this had been the old antiquary, Mr. Titcherly. That lover of inscriptions had now become himself the subject of a tombstone; and having, as aforesaid, great regard for Bruce, and having no kindred of his own to bequeath to, had in his will, after making ample provision for the future editions of his great work on the antiquities of Doddington, left the rest of his property, amounting to about £4000, to Rosa, on condition she married Bruce; and this, together with the solicitations of his wife, who had been gained over to the other party by Bruce's enthusiastic description of Rosa's excellences, had melted the heart of that splendid old fellow the Dean of Trumpington. That reverend personage was now present at the wedding, together with his wife, and Dr. Macvino, who had dined the night before at

the Heronry, and pronounced the port excellent.

Fane gave away the little magnificent bride, half hidden in an ample rich veil of white lace sent by Orelia, which cost nobody knows how much. Bruce was in his dragoon uniform. His mustache had flourished much in the last year, and Rosa thought him handsomer than Apollo. Langley was there, and Mr. Oates appeared as groom's man, and the two Clumbers as bridesmaids.

The ceremony was over, the bridegroom duly shaken by the hand, the bride, all blush and bloom and smile, duly kissed. The curate, leaving the altar, took up his position beside the antique font, and the group following him, and ranging themselves round, lost the gorgeous hues which the one painted window above the altar of Lanscote church had shed on them during the marriage ceremony; and, as the curate began the baptismal service, they stood in the cheerful light of the morning sun.

The principal personage of this second ceremony had been held, during the first one, in the arms of Fillett in the background. Kitty, who looked rather staid and matronly, in consequence of having been married to Mr. Noble a few weeks before, and who had hitherto, in this new capacity, acquitted herself entirely to Harry's satisfaction, dandled the infant in the most approved fashion. "Have done, Master Julius," said Kitty, giving that young gentleman a good shake as he attempted to rush up the pulpit-stairs. "Can't you behave for a minute, not even when they are a-baptizing of your little sister?"

The preliminary part of the service being read, the infant was handed to Josiah. He took it gently in his arms, and looked down on its small face, where he saw the rudiments of Hester's features. The service was for a moment at a standstill, and a tear was seen to drop on the child's cheek as he bent over it—the first holy water that touched its face that morning. "Good fellow, old Josey," thought Fane, as he noticed it. "Poor dear Josiah!" mentally ejaculated Hester, with a truer though secret knowledge of the source of his emotion.

The Dean of Trumpington hemmed impatiently—he wanted his breakfast: and the sympathetic Doctor Macvino, going behind Josiah, jogged his arm. The curate started from his reverie, and looked around. "Name this child," he said, proceeding with the ritual.

"Rosa Orelia," answered the bride, who officiated as one godmother, while Trephina Clumber was proxy for Orelia (who was detained at home by private business of her own.)

The christening was finished without further delay. Then the assembly passed forth from

the old ivy-covered porch, and, amid the admiration and applause of the inhabitants of Lanscote, entered their carriages to drive back to the Heronry.

The breakfast was pronounced by Dr. Macvino, by no means an incompetent judge, a magnificent affair. Speeches were made afterwards—one jocosely cynical, and sprinkled with puns, by Mr. Levitt; one gay, fluent, and agreeable, from Captain O'Reilly, a fresh-colored man, with white teeth, who had succeeded Tindal in command of the detachment, and who had practised popular oratory at various contested elections; one rich and oily, delivered *ore rotundo*, by Dr. Macvino, with some others.

The newly-married pair had driven off; the guests had dispersed; even the curate had, in despite of the urgent entreaties of Hester and Durham, inexorably departed. Fane and his wife were alone together in the library.

"I told you yesterday, Hester," he said, leaning over the back of her chair, "of the opening into public life now offered me. My answer must be written to-night."

Hester looked uneasy. "You will refuse it, Durham, won't you?"

"I think not, Hester."

"I thought we had been very happy this year past. I knew I had, and flattered myself you had; but you are weary of me;" and, as she spoke, the first sad tears since her marriage came into her eyes.

"I swear to you," he said, removing the tears in the readiest way that occurred to him—"I swear to you that I would rather live the past year over again than the best ten others of my existence. But what right have I to continue this life of pleasant uselessness, when I may exert myself?"

"Uselessness!" said his wife; "do you call being my companion and instructor uselessness?"

"You have a new companion now in that young Christian of yours, whom I hear squalling," said Fane; "she will prevent you from missing me. As to the instruction part, I have learnt as much as I could teach for the life of me. If I have widened your mind, you have no less refined mine; and could I but rid myself of a certain uneasy conviction that we are both of us accountable beings, I would contentedly let the world slide forever as softly and easily as now. But is this unproductive interchange of sentiment, however elevated and refined, fit to be the sole occupation of a man who can be up and doing?"

Hester sighed. "You force me," said she, "to look at a truth I would willingly shut my eyes to. One other year would not tire you, Durham; put it off for one—only one."

"But the opportunity would be gone," said Fane. "Come, make up your mind to it, and you will acknowledge next year that, in

watching my career, applauding my success, if I meet with it, soothing my disappointments when they find me, you have new and worthier occupation."

Hester disputed no further; he wrote the letter of acceptance; and next year she acknowledged that she was growing more ambitious for him than he was for himself.

The curate did not remain long in the living to which Mr. Levitt had presented him. An incident that occurred in the second year of his incumbency gave him a disgust at the place. A female parishioner, of tolerably mature years, made a dead set at Josiah. She had experiences to impart; she took share in his parochial matters; she even studied botany; and the unsuspecting Josiah was the only person who did not penetrate her designs on his heart. When the fair one found these would certainly fail, she brought an action for breach of promise; and the evidence being about as strong as that in the celebrated case of *Bardell versus Pickwick*, the jury, as Englishmen and fathers, of course found for the plaintiff, with £200 damages. About that time Dean Bruce, in consideration of the family connection, managed to get Josiah elected canon of the cathedral; and in course of time he became a prebend. He has a good house and capital garden; his study is one of the pleasantest rooms to be found anywhere, with a cloistered air about it, the pointed window all hung with ivy, looking on the great window of the cathedral, and on one of the buttressed towers. He has an ancient married housekeeper, who looks faithfully after his comforts; he entertains his friends nobly when they come to see him (his small but choice cellar was laid in by Dr. Macvino); the great library of the cathedral is within a few paces of his door, where he is treated by the librarian with more deference than the bishop himself; and when he needs change he goes down to the Heronry. Time softens the acuteness of his disappointment in love, and the recollection of it now brings a not unpleasant sadness.

Poor old Josey!—after all, perhaps, the most lovable and respectable of our *dramatis personæ*—more so, at least, than our heroes, whose more discursive natures included some corners which they would probably have been unwilling that even their wives should pry into; whereas Josiah's heart might have been turned page by page; and, while much might have been found to interest, there would have been little to correct, and nothing to blot. But somehow or other, women do not seem always to give such unobtrusive merits the highest place in their affections. Orelia and Lady Lee were, as we have seen, among the number; and many young ladies will, we doubt not, understand and sympathize with their errors of judgment.

A day or two after Rosa's marriage Hester got a letter from Orelia. "Mine is a girl too," she said, "and I've set my heart on her marrying Julius when they are of a proper age. You must promise to forward the project, Hester." And as young persons invariably allow their parents to choose for them on these points, and never presume to form any counter predilections of their own, there is, of course, every prospect that Orelia's desire will be gratified.

Major Tindal did not easily forgive Orelia's marriage, nor forget his own disfigurement. He remains a sporting, hard-riding bachelor; and when one of his acquaintances marries he affects to pity him. "Poor devil!" he says, "I'll write and console with him."

Mr. Seager, coming out of jail at the end of two years, found himself without money, friends, or character. He could not, of course, resume his old position; but Seager was not proud, and fitted himself with admirable facility to a new one. He started in the thimble-rig line, that being a profession requiring little other capital than dexterity and a knowledge of human nature under its more credulous and pigeonable aspect. He augments the income derived from this source by that which he earns as a racing prophet. He advertises that he, Seager, is the only man who can foretell the winners of all the great events; asserts that he has hitherto been infallible; and professes his readiness to let correspondents enjoy a lucrative peep into the future on their enclosing a specified number of postage stamps. From such shifts as these he ekes out a living.

Bagot could not have lived so; and is better as he is sleeping under his foreign turf. In the grave he preserves a kind of incognito, and when called upon to answer for his deeds, may certainly plead a misnomer; for the French stone mason who carved his unpretending tombstone, taking the name of the deceased from dictation, Gallicized it, and inscribed on the monument, "*Ci-gît Monsieur le Colonel Bagote-Lys.*"

Another marriage had been celebrated in Lanscote church a short time before Rosa's. Jenifer Greene had brought her arts and experience to bear with more effect on Squire Dubbley than on the curate. The thoroughly subjugated squire, after being compelled to see all the females of his establishment, under fifty years of age, replaced by the most withered frumps to be found in those parts, had yielded to his fate. His adviser, Mr. Randy, had been previously disposed of.

Jenifer had no sooner established her ascendancy, than she proceeded to exert it in the expulsion of Mr. Randy. Thus alone in power, she was not long in convincing the squire that she was quite necessary to his existence, and his sole defence against a horde of plun-

derers. The squire, moreover, was impressed by the good looks of the housekeeper, to which the curate had been so insensible; and the grand attack, which had only harassed Josiah, had laid the unprotected squire at her feet.

Lady Lee, I am loth to lose you! Not with this page will your form pass rustling out of sight. But, reader, her independent life has

ceased — her thoughts are now centred in the career of another — and a chronicle of her deeds and aspirations would be a mere repetition of, to you, humdrum happiness. Her restlessness, and discontent, and languor are no more; she has lost even the memory of these since the event which, like this last sentence of my last chapter, has put a period to LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

May 30, 1853.

SUMMER CLIMATE OF ST. AUGUSTINE — LIFE IN THE INTERIOR OF FLORIDA — DIARY OF AN INVALID, &c.

Now is the season to enjoy the fine climate of this "ancient city." The winter proves beneficial to most of the invalids who resort here, but the great effects of the climate are not seen then, as in warm weather. For the last six weeks the thermometer has risen nearly every day to 82 deg., and about ten days since went up for a few hours to 92 deg., yet has this great heat not been oppressive, for a delightful sea-breeze springs up at about 9 o'clock, A.M., and continues through the day. The west wind, if it continues many hours, becomes oppressive; but this is not often; while the sea-breeze can be relied upon for at least a portion of every day, and is altogether the prevailing wind of the season. If a west wind has ruled the day, and caused man and beast to droop, the sea-breeze is sure to come up with increased freshness towards sundown, and to invite the sociable and pleasure-loving ladies out upon the sea-wall until midnight.

Yet the invalids have nearly all gone northward. They left in great numbers early this month; most of them to their injury; some in fact to die upon meeting with cold winds at Charleston and Baltimore. They all enjoyed the genial April here, felt better, and grew impatient to get back to business and friends. But few could be persuaded of the great peril of the retrograde change from a Florida April to a northern May; and still fewer from the north are willing to prove the advantages of Augustine as a summer residence. Those who have done so, have felt convinced that a safer or pleasanter place for the hot months is not to be found upon our Atlantic coast.

Strangers generally remark upon the swarms of children they meet with here, greatly out of proportion with their ratio elsewhere. This phenomenon is as much a feature of the place as the narrow streets and the quaint stone houses. The reason of it is, that children do not die here. Minnows, chickens, children, ants — small fry of every description, thrive amazingly well in this climate. In fact, it is rather a

drawback to the pleasure of living here, that the luxury of the fine climate has to be shared with such prodigious numbers of the inferior creation (not meaning to include the children under that head, though the larger part be darkies). The mosquitos are not worse than all along shore, to remotest "down east;" but the ants in the stone houses are overwhelming.

Among the advantages of St. Augustine for the invalid, we should not fail to mention the good boarding-houses and hotels, with their excellent tables. Such comforts as one finds here are not to be had elsewhere in Florida. Many indeed who have travelled all over the United States, and upon the continent, have declared that they have found nothing more satisfactory than at a certain boarding-house here, kept by a lady; there is also another excellent private house, complete in all important comforts for invalids. The hotels too are all very good, and the society of the place is decidedly pleasant. It requires, however, an experience of life upon the road in the interior to appreciate the comforts of St. Augustine. Here, for example, is a specimen from what we guaranty as an authentic journal made last March.

Diary. — First night out from Tampa, 25 ms.; arrived at 7; found family all sitting by a log fire out in the yard, no fire-place in the house; man did not rise to greet us, or even turn in his chair to see who we were; that was the niggers' business. Sat there till near nine waiting for supper, which was served out on the porch. Venison fried with pork, sweet potatoes, corn bread and arrow root — no tea. No doors to the chamber and only a broken shutter to the window — put up bed-quilts — air came in freely between the logs.

2d day. — Arrived late and very hungry at dining place; could get only very salt and hard bacon, sweet potatoes and corn bread, nothing else — had no tea there. Was induced, by a promise of some black tea, to take a buggy and go on five miles further for the night. Miserable place — water for the tea was boiled in the frying pan after the ham had been dished up; no milk to disguise it; brown sugar only made it worse. For supper — hard dried beef, fried; half cooked rice, heavy hot cakes and corn bread. Breakfast — same; declined any more tea; took muddy coffee without milk. Lay that night upon outside of bed in kitchen, beside a snoring

Dutchman and his wife, and Dr. sat up there nearly all night watching sick grandmother in next room—all three smoked vile tobacco in pipes most of the time. Great draft over the bed caused by blazing logs in chimney.

3d day.—Engaged horse and cart to go on 20 ms.; tremendously rough ride over palmetto roots—great appetite, but could get no dinner at the half-way house; said they could fry us some bacon, but had no potatoes, no bread; got some water and whiskey, with a bit of sassafras root to chew upon along the road. Reached the station for the mail wagon about sun-down—supper, the old story, bacon, corn bread and sweet potatoes cold. Had some tea made of sassafras—was so indiscreet as to glance into the kitchen just before supper, and saw water boiling in the frying-pan; found one spoonful of the tea "a dose for an adult." Slept in room with all the family. Had bed to myself in the corner; same evening, Dutchman slept in the other, four children in one bed between us; man and wife with nursing child on the floor; no doors to the house; filling between the logs nearly gone; large hole in the roof over children's bed; asked man why he did not mend it; said he did n't know why—woman said that when it rained they moved children's bed to a dry spot.

4th day.—Took mail wagon after breakfast—had the luck to meet three judges at dining place on their way to Tampa—good dinner had been provided for them. Being the only passenger, persuaded driver to remain over till next morning to give me a chance to eat some venison and finish cold chicken. No door to room, no filling between logs at one side, night breeze very fresh. Driver got up at one o'clock, lighted his pipe and was going back to bed to smoke; remonstrated with him—he said it was a free country and he would do as he pleased—told him the country meant out of doors, &c., finally he went out on the porch "accoutred as he was," and took a long smoke—said on entering that he was "nicely cooled off" and had "had a good scratch." Between coughing and driver's swearing got no sleep that night.

So the diary goes on, with nothing satisfactory until the writer reaches St. Augustine, where "the comforts of civilization" have for him a blessed significance. In mild and dry weather this open air style of living may answer tolerably well even for the invalid, provided he can have good fare. But many a poor consumptive wending his way across Florida has received fatal injury for want of proper food and from his exposure at night in these open houses. The sea-breeze at St. Augustine is too severe in winter for cases of bronchitis; and is at all seasons a hindrance to the recovery of some such. These consequently are better off at Jacksonville or Palatka; but even for the trying effects of the winds, there is great compensation in the superior accommodations of the place. Unfortunately, the city is fast going to decay, there being now at least one tenement in

ruin for every habitable house. But it is none the less an invaluable possession for the United States; worth more than Madeira or even Cuba to our invalids; and the time we believe is not distant when it will be appreciated by our wealthy citizens as highly as of old by the luxurious Spaniards.

G. H. H.

From Punch.

PAT'S WELCOME TO THE REAPING-MACHINE.

I'm sick of the sickle, Molly dear, and stooping
so long and so low;
And it's little grief it gives me to give the ould
bother the go!
And when another harvest comes, by the saints!
I'd like to see
The money or anything else that 'ud make a
Raping-Machine of me!

I've raped in Scotland and England, and I've
raped in the Lothians three,
And I dar' say it's twenty year since first I
crossed the Irish Sea;
I've raped yer wheat, and yer barley, and oats
and beans, sez Pat;
But as for profit—it's sorrow the raping that
ever I raped of that!

So, good luck to you, Misther Mac Cormack, and
yer reverence, Misther Bell,
And good luck to you, Misther Hussey—I wish
yer honors well;
The shearer's footing on the fields ye've fairly
cut away;
But it's not been worth the standing on, bedad,
this many a day.

And now the horse takes the raping in hand, and
pulls the huge machines,
That go clicking and snicking across the fields of
wheat, oats, barley and beans;
Ye've got machines for sowing, and thrashing,
and raping, between and betwixt,
And, troth, it's my private opinion ye'll have a
machine for eating it next!

But we'll throw the sickle aside, Molly, and go
and try our luck
On the banks of the far Australian strames, where
the otter is billed like a duck;
For there's mate, and drink, and clothes, Molly,
and riches and rank to be won,
At the anti—what d'ye call the place, on t'other
side of the sun?

And there'll be no land-agents, nor middlemen,
nor Jews,
But ye'll see me stoning lumps of gould at the
beggarly kangaroos;
And there's nayer shooting of bailiffs, nor any
such wicked fun,
In the land that lies beneath our feet, on t'other
side of the sun.

And no more masses to pay for !—good day to ye, Father O'Bladd,
The last confession from me, faiks, and the very last penny ye've had ;
It's little yer reverence leaves behind when ye clear away our sin,
As the prophet sez, ye purge our dross, and take precious care of the tin.

Ye've a bandage on yer wrist, Molly ; that wrist with gems I'll deck,
And a string of nuggets, like millstones, I'll hang about yer neck,
And we'll live in a snug retirement where our nearest neighbor'll be
The Emperor of China, who will sometimes look in to tea !

Och ! the world we're leaving, Molly, is a world of grief and care,
For even the pigs and potatoes are not the angels that once they were ;
But the world we're going to, Molly, is where the giants of ould
Buried—for want of a better bank—their stocking-legs crammed with gould !

It's a world of wonders, Molly, a world without a peer ;
For what it has, and what it wants, we've nothing like it here ;
But of all its wondrous things, it seems the strangest thing to me
That there the laboring man's the man gets first to the top o' the tree.

LICHENS AS A PROTECTION TO BUILDINGS.—The commissioners of 1839, for selecting stone for the new Houses of Parliament, referred in their report to a point which ought, perhaps, to be kept in view when comparing buildings—namely, an advantage which buildings in the country appear to possess over those in populous and smoky towns, owing to the “lichens” with which they become covered in such situations, and which, when firmly established over their entire surface, seem to exercise a protective influence against the causes of decomposition. As an instance of the difference in degree of durability in the same material subjected to the effects of the atmosphere in town and country, they point to the frustra of columns and other blocks of stone quarried at the time of the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral, and now lying in the island of Portland. These are covered with lichens, and, though they have been exposed to all the vicissitudes of a marine atmosphere for more than one hundred and fifty years, exhibit their original form, even to the marks of the chisel ; “while the stone which was taken from the same quarries (selected, no doubt, with equal, if not greater, care than the blocks alluded to), and placed in the cathedral itself, is, in those parts which are exposed to the south and south-west winds, found in some instances to be fast mouldering away.” This, perhaps, was not altogether to be expected ; because it might have been argued, that as the lichens were cal-

culated to retain a certain amount of moisture on the surface of the stone, a contrary effect would result from their presence. — *The Builder*.

THE French exploration in *Cilicia and Asia Minor* has resulted in the copying of upwards of one hundred and thirty Greek, Latin, Armenian, and Arabian inscriptions ; and in the collection of between four and five hundred medals and coins, of the ancient Greeks, the Lower Empire, the Roman colonists, the rulers of Armenia, the Crusaders, and the Arabs—also of four curious stones found at Messis and Karadach of the old Grecian and Byzantine epochs. It has also led to the discovery at Kujuk-Kolah, of a burial-place of the Greco-Roman times ; and from it M. Langlois extracted numerous sarcophagi in brick, some human bones, a quantity of statuettes, chiefly Greek, representing different divinities, some funeral ornaments, theatrical works, household utensils, and caricatures. All these things have been forwarded to Paris. M. Langlois, in the course of his researches, obtained abundant proof that the Arabs and the Mussulmans generally had taken pains to demolish the buildings, works of art, and inscriptions of the Greeks and Romans, and especially of the early Christians.

• WHILE the new act was preparing which was to enable the government to sell life-annuities and annuities for certain terms of years, the tables were shown to a gentleman in the Bank of England, who at once declared that those which were framed for lives above a certain age were too low in price. It was replied, that they were taken from the experience of the assurance-offices, and that they represented the average value of life at that period. “Yes,” was the reply ; “but if select lives are brought, what becomes of your average?”

The act was passed ; and, by the tables which it authorized, a man of ninety, by paying 100*l*., would receive for life an annuity of 62*l*.. The first payment commenced three months after the purchase ; and if the nominee lived one year and a quarter, the nominator received back all the purchase-money, so that every half-year the annuitant lived after this was pure gain.

The shrewd gentlemen of the Stock Exchange immediately saw and seized the advantage. Agents were employed to seek out in Scotland and elsewhere robust men of ninety years of age, to select none but those who were free from the hard labor which tells on advanced life, and to forward a list of their names. The Marquis of Hertford, of unenviable notoriety, added to his vast wealth by choosing as nominees those who were remarkable for high health ; on two only taking annuities of 2600*l*.. Wherever a person was found at the age of ninety touched gently by the hand of Time, he was sure to be discovered by the agents of the money-market ; the members of which speculated with, but scarcely perilled their wealth on the lives of these men on such terms. — *Francis on Life Insurance*.